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time said last month that he spoke with a pathologist at the morgue where the dead man's body was taken. When asked if he had drowned, the doctor replied, "If he did the water must have gotten into his lungs through the bullet holes in his back."

It is alleged, though impossible to ascertain at this point, that elections were rigged and most of the people simply accepted their lot. This attitude was reflected some days after the coup in a popular column, written in French in the local newspaper, *The Torchlight*. "Well our dear children, we haven't coped better as to how we should feel when we're beaten de mieux. De people who lead de coup in mens and women who sh'nt and drink w'd surely. Some de people who now in recently sh'nt and drink w'd surely. So you see, dis is ah Grenada try once again. De village cricket match must go on as usual. Forget de past. Love for tomorrow."

The history of the coup is difficult to piece together, not just because those concerned are still confused but also because they are eager to hide some of the finer points. But from discussions with officials in Washington, Barbados and Grenada, it seems likely that some form of vague planning began late last year. According to U.S. treasury officials who were tapping telephones in a suspected gas-running case, someone from Bishop's house contacted a group of Grenadians now living in Washington. Soon after that the Grenadians began illegally buying guns from a source near the U.S. capital. They shipped them in barrels of car grease and shipped them to other contacts in Grenada.

These such barrels actually arrived on the island and, as a result, two or three romantic weapons and a number of modern small arms fell into the hands of the New Jewel Movement. A member of the movement has explained they needed the guns not for a coup but as extra protection against the Mongoose Gang, as they were planning a takeover to ensure the island's reputation for voting. Not surprisingly, they feared the guns would try to stop them.

On March 1 the U.S. informed Gairy that guns were being illegally run into his island. On March 14, the top leadership of the New Jewel Movement met to discuss its drive on voter registration. Later that day a tip, planted inside Gairy's trusted circle, reported that the prime minister was planning to have them all arrested and murdered by the Mongoose Gang. Gairy was leaving the country for the 4th on March 12 and, according to the tip, was to take the measure to take place while he was out of the country.



Revolutionaries distribute their views. "Forget de past. Live for tomorrow."

Gairy, flew from Grenada to Barbados where he met with the American ambassador and two U.S. investigators on their way to look into the gas-running. He talked with them at the airport and then flew on to New York.

Meanwhile, Bishop and his inner aides, believing they were about to be killed, went into hiding. On the night of March 12 they met in secret and decided their only hope was an armed-rate coup. Just before dawn on March 13, Bishop and about 50 of his supporters gathered near the True Blue headquarters of Grenada's defense force. Almost all of the soldiers—it is not clear how many there were—were up immediately, then helped the leaders of the coup burn down the barracks with fire bombs.

Picking up support every minute as the word spread, the forces moved to the radio station and took that over without much of a struggle. They broadcast that they were in control and urged all police stations to surrender. Again, nearly every station followed orders. A few resisted and shots were fired. Two police officers were killed and one revolutionary, shot by mistake, ended to death while being taken to hospital.

As this was going on the movement, now armed with the defense force weapons, arrested most of Gairy's cabinet members as they slept. Next on the list was the Mongoose Gang. Most gang members, bearing the radio broadcast, sped out of St. George's by car, heading for the north end of the island and yachts in which to escape. An unknown

number and at least one cabinet member did escape, but the gang leaders were arrested at road blocks.

Gairy received the news by telephone at about 7 a.m. on March 14, in his yard at the New York Hilton. Later that day, as he stepped champagne and ate dry toast, he told a reporter. "This would feel that the British who give us the constitution have an obligation to come in and do something about the coup. And the Americans who led in the human rights appeal, I don't think they should sit by and allow this atrocity to go on. And I feel the long relationship that we have had with the Canadian government and people should mean something. They can't sit down and do nothing." But no one came to Sir Eric's aid and a few days later he officially resigned as prime minister.

When revolutionary forces raided Gairy's home, called "Mount Royal," they reported finding hundreds of pounds of flour and sugar plus 1,000 pounds of yams. One soldier also told the local newspaper that he stumbled as the room where the maple Gairy received his "visions." In contrast, he said, a human skeleton and two bottles of blood.

One of the most interesting finds reported by the revolutionary army was three boxes of modern rifles, hidden in the basement of the prison and marked "Medical supplies from Chile." The guns were not immediately put on public display and observers wondered why, if they really existed, the modern arms were not moved to the army. But this may be a good reason for hiding them back. The kid-glove forces showed admirable restraint as they kept order during the seething in of the new regime. But even child-bugs, once the novelty of a new situation wears off, can turn nasty (as in the *Lord of the Flies*). And there were some slight indications, even in the early days, that this was beginning to happen.

An American businessman who owns a house on Grenada reported that before he left the island on March 23, a 16-year-old boy had twice stabbed him in the street and, backed by older lads with a shotgun, insisted on searching him because "you look suspicious." The businessman also said that groups of armed youths had marched along one beach where some Americans were sunbathing and stolen towels and sunsets lotion.

They hurt no one. But that sort of misuse of power could be a warning sign, and Bishop's major hurdle may be yet to come. It's easy to hand out guns to teenagers if a lot is easy getting them back.

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## Coming soon: the 'Mr. Métis' Louis Riel doll

The legend of Louis Riel toppers on the brink of overnight popularity since after nearly 100 years as a cottage industry for writers and audiences, patriots and awe-struck students everywhere. The story of the myth, the story of the man who couldn't shoot and barely could ride, who would rather pray than fight and went to the gallows expecting to die again on the third day "I haven't seen Riel's face on a T-shirt yet, but I wouldn't put it out," grous Professor Thomas Flanagan of the University of Calgary who has just contributed his third volume—Louis "Dada" Riel: Prophet of the New World—to the Riel industry which has been expanding geometrically in the last 20 years.

There are plays, novels and histories, recordings and even an opera, to say nothing of a 1970 postage stamp or the posters and bumper stickers the Métis sell at their annual July celebrations, "Batocche Days." The upcoming store comes April 15 and 16 with the release of *Riel*, the CBC's two-part biography of the Métis leader, who was hanged in 1885 after leading a rebellion against the government of Sir John A. Macdonald.

The Riel legend should be established for all time, now that General Motors is interested. The auto maker is not only sponsoring both nights of the telecast, and, incidentally, it's also sending out 15,000 study guides and posters to French and English schools across the country to make sure no one misses the message: the Métis revolution is big business.

The marketplace couldn't agree more. At an auction last June, Riel's newly discovered last letter, to his mother,

went to a private collector for \$13,500. His diary last changed hands in 1971 for a reported \$26,500 and a letter—a key letter—set fetch around \$1,000 or \$1,500. "Agust from Macdonald, nobody knows the names of those daves, the Fathers of Confederation, but they sure know Riel," exults Harry Dunsen, president of the Native Council of Canada.



The CBC has been hosting a \$150,000 publicity drum that predates its *Riel* "the largest assortment of Canadian stars ever assembled... two years in the making," featuring Raymond Cloutier as Riel and Christopher Plummer as Sir John A. Reportedly budgeted at \$25 million, the production is being released around the world as a feature film.

Those who miss *Riel* on TV will be assuaged by the other media. He may even appear on the Top 40 charts, for CBC records is releasing not only an album of William McCusker's sound track, but also a single featuring a three-minute excerpt from Riel's emotional speech to the jury, backed by string music. And 11,500 booklets, from airports to supermarkets, will display the "confession" of the conspiracy, which PaperJacks is releasing with an aerial press run of 75,000—more than three times that publisher's average.

The Riel industry is not restricted to Canada, versions of the Métis rebellion have been depicted in several American films. And a few weeks ago, ABC's *How the West Was Won* gave Riel his own, ludicrous episode which portrayed him leavelling with an American frontiersman played by the towering James Arness. Marvel Moore, who wrote the libretto to Harry Somers' music for the opera *Louis Riel*—which has already

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## Frontlines



been presented at the Kennedy Center in Washington. Moore also says that world-famous novelist and sometime impresario, Yehudi Menuhin, plans to take it to London's Covent Garden.

There are Riel plays accessible to those who won't wait. *Gabo*, by Carol Rife, concerns Riel and his top general, Gabriel Dumont, and is among the best sellers reported by the Playwrights Co-op, which also handles the Riel trilogy by John Cooper. The second of Cooper's plays, based on transcripts from the Regina trial, has been performed throughout the summer at Saskatchewan House, every year since Canada's Centennial.

Riel was initially scratching at an audience's hidden heart, for the subject of his madness was debated as early as 1887 in the bluntly named *American Journal of Insanity*. But each time a new aspect of Riel's many-faceted myth surfaces, there's another flurry of theories and scholarly papers. Ron Paul Rutherford, Canadian historian at the University of Toronto, "The Americans can get excited over a bunch of drivel—the Alamo, Daniel Boone, and their early presidents. Why shouldn't we do the same for Riel? He doesn't seem to be much of a historical figure, worldwide, but look at his myth—his love for his people, his anguish, his personal anguish and the rest of it. These things touch the human condition everywhere."

There's no doubt Riel towers over the other chief icons of Canadian history, including—by artists and writers at least—the Communist doctor Norman

Riel is reborn: history's favorite chapter

Bethune and the blood-thirsty Black Dons. Riel is far more complex than the rest, more accessible and still capable of exciting passions. The producer of 190's *Riel*, John Trevel, relates the story of a confrontation at a Bay Street brokerage, where he had gone to raise money and was refused by a near-faded broker bellowing, "I wouldn't touch that. I—one thing! My grandfather rode out to kill the French bastards. They've been trying to destroy this country from the beginning."

That's the sort of passion that makes it seem unlikely that Riel will receive a posthumous pardon—something that many Mitts like Lee Anderson, a Middle East alderman, have been demanding for years. Reports now filtering through the mid-western Mitts community, that Sebastien-General Jean-Jacques Blais intends to recommend the pardon, are fully denied by Blais's office. Jean Rosenstock, co-author of the Riel nomination, says it could hardly be otherwise. "We have exactly the same problems today. In 100 years, we haven't done anything at all."

The Mitts community believes, however, that it is finally going to reverse Riel's artifacts from the department of defense, under whose care come all "spoils of war"—including a lock of Riel's hair and a necklace, property of the Queen's Own Rifles, which are currently displayed in Toronto's Casa Loma alongside trophies seized from German units during the Second World War.

Kenneth Douglas

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# The stakes are high in the great herring hunt

By Thomas Hopkins

The Gulf Islands between Vancouver Island and the mainland rise out of the fog banks like mesas from the desert floor. Pale blue and cream ferries move among them, trailing streams of gulls. In March, these placid waters can roll and surge before a compass-wielding wind, but on this particular day they are calm as the 90-ft Canadian Coast Guard cutter *Rider* steams toward Narrows Bay, a haven in the Vancouver Island coastline north of Nanaimo. Drifting out of the mist like images in a dark room, is a seabird spectacle that must rival the first sighting of the Spanish Armada by the French Drivels: vast open rows of pale silvers, their wind-stiffened feathers in the sun, waiting to begin another scramble in the gold-plated, West Coast herring net response. And the stakes this year are already high. Thanks to the Japanese appetite for herring roe, prices have risen from \$4.50 a pound wholesale in 1992 to this season's predicted high of \$17 a pound. As far as the fleet on Narrows Bay is concerned, the sky is the limit, and those yellow eggs are good as gold.

The fat, 80-foot fishing boats bristling with masts like TV antennas are equipped with shrimping spoils, wound with their \$40,000 nets, as a low strider. The *Rider's* four bridge radios squawk as the 150 meters gently ring and blip, waiting for federal Fisheries officers to give a radio release to begin the herring madness. The sensors are like Oklahoma soakers, nervously edging their wagons forward for the disk to security and riches. Also, on this day everything and everyone was ready but the herring;

fisheries were tested the head-shed herring and decided they were not ripe enough to harvest. The "demolition derby," as one fisherman described the tangle of 150 sensors, spreading their nets over the bay, would have to wait

60, after being handed in twice and blushed, they are mixed with soy sauce and hot mustard, and served ceremoniously at weddings and at New Year.

The Japanese appetite for this delicacy has devastated the home supply and led the herring in Canada's West Coast, in eight years, their presence has reconstructed a disintegrated herring industry. Now, 74 fish-processing facilities compete for the fish, and last year, the herring harvest made up 30 per cent of the dollar volume of the West Coast fishing industry, employing 6,000 fishermen, 3,500 auxiliary workers and pumping \$500 million into the B.C. economy. Not bad, for fish eggs.

As far as the end product is concerned, for the black-balled fishermen, meaning the 3,500 frail fishery vessels, the whole operation is an abstract as abstract as a dream. The fishermen fall of money, affected by the evils of "cash-burners"—scruffy boats with crude Ray-Glo painted signs saying "cash"—have the skeletons wide-eyed with disbelief. Fishermen who used to retreat to people during the rainy late winter, who fished food herring for pennies a pound in the 60s, may now receive as much as \$4,000 a ton as the fishing stocks, plus competition from small buyers, fuelled by the apparently bottomless Japanese credit, signal a red-hot price war. "It's the most exciting thing I've ever seen," says processing company pilot Joe Silberton. "And I spent 24 years in Vietnam." Henry Nelson, vice-president of B.C. Packers, the largest fish processor on the coast, says, "It scares the hell out of us."

The herring harvesting is done in two independent ways. The first is the Canadian version: sensors, some of them



The roe must be gold in their garb

Pipe. They would wait. Like rag merchants in an Istanbul bazaar, they were patient.

The B.C. herring roe hunt, although it only lasts five to six weeks in March and early April, is a West Coast boom industry. In Japan, the fishery's only market, the eggs are known as *ikurage*

CLOSEUP

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million-dollar vessels drew up in the Persian coves of a Vancouver, B.C. huge purse net, like giant aquaplane loops, into schools of spawning herring close to shore. Veteran Fishermen officers knew the capacity of the fleet and abruptly start and stop the fishing to pressure the spawning stock. These driftriggers are known as "openings," and they follow the schools up the coast. Some days the action lasts only 30 minutes but even that can be unbelievably lucrative. One large seiner in Barkley Sound on the west coast of Vancouver Island landed in 300 tons in one set of the net, a buying boat immediately produced a cheque for \$800,000.

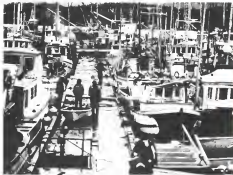
The gradient skipper chartered a nearby float plane, flew to Vancouver, verified the cheque and handed to his crew before he handed his catch over to the buyer.

But scores like that are rare. "Lots of guys go hungry," says hefty Jack Fast, skipper of The Universe, a packer boat that follows the fleet. "It's like a vespersale. It can make you goofy if you don't keep your cool."

The other style of marine harvesting—the ones who consider themselves the real fishermen—are "gill-netters," 1,300 of them. Less than half the size and one-fifth the cost of seiners, they

drag a flat-bottomed punt and string gill nets, like bed sheets on a clothesline, that snare the fish. Then comes the cold, sticky, backbreaking process of dragging in the nets and shaking the bloody fish into the bottom of the punt, sometimes for stretches as long as 72

while towing the 30-foot duff. (Geeze fish skippers avoid the problem by chartering helicopters to ferry the salmon from punts from opening to opening.) But disasters have decreased dramatically since 1975, when 12 fishermen and 14 vessels went down. In 1978, four ves-



B.C. fishermen await the signal for the next herring rise and descend some 200 ft each rise, 100, 200, 300 feet.

sels and six crewmen were lost. This year, by the last week of March there had been only one fatality (a crewman fell out of a duff) and four boats lost. An "inadequately engaged" coast guard—a source of constant grumbling among fishermen—has been beefed up this year by vessels from Fisheries and the departments of national defence, to a total rescue fleet of 20, but bad feelings linger. "When fishermen were so poor on patrol," says one coast guard official ruefully, "you have to be sure to count the fingers."

The Fishermen's Inn is a bar in Shorewater on the isolated central B.C. coast halfway between Vancouver and Prince Rupert. It is one of hundreds of settlements established into the rain forest that has felt the largesse of the cash-bayer operations. It boasts a shipyard, a store and the prosperous Central Native Coop, where lines of brightly disked workers snap open the herring and eviscerate out the viscera. When the fleet comes to Shore-



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water, it's like a circus for the 135 newspapermen, up to 600 "sea beasts" ashore into a harbor swept by curtains of rain, like tippies on a mud-hole. Battered shipwrecked Krays Ballads reveals seeing a fisherman throw a rolled-up \$1,000 bill into the fire, taking bets on whether it would burn. It burned.

Paul Giggi, hard bouncer says "beads change a lot more \$50 and \$100s and the crowd believes and believes, it's not too easy this year." Over beer,

conviction instantly turns to bawling prices and "woulda believe it" tales of Japanese businessmen clutching Woodward's shopping bags full of hundreds of thousands of dollars for Canadian front men.

The tone is faintly disappointing, but thoughtfully softened by the fact that most of the dough will end up in the speakers' pockets.

But the Japanese connection has begun to haunt the Canadian processing industry, its developments blighted

by a Federal Fisheries report last summer. The Japanese fish industry, squeezed by declining domestic stocks and world 300-wide fishing limits, has inched into the Canadian fish markets since 1974, investing some \$20 million (so more than 30 per cent of Canadian plants). In the net industry, prices have been affected by the wildly competitive Japanese domestic economy. Japanese middlemen, oversupplied by large fishing vessels who began dealing with Canadian suppliers directly, have entered the Canadian market with "basketloads of Canadian dollars" which they haul at their Canadian agents in the rack-hopper boats, who then bring them to the fishermen.

Canada's processing companies, with their limited capital, can only bid \$2,500 a ton for herring, in competition with the catch-buyers' normal offer of \$3,000 and up. "Unlike the smaller companies," says B.C. Fisheries' Nelson, "it's our money we're gambling with, not Japan's." The result is that Canadian companies have to depend on old legislation, and a promise of post-season adjustments to get fish. Not surprisingly, they are bawling, and several smaller companies will likely go under.

If the companies are concerned about too much money chasing too few herring, government officials are wringing their hands over too much gear chasing too few fish. Herring stocks this year are down alarmingly, with estimates dropping as low as 25,000 tons over the season got under way—or about half the previously predicted take.

Acknowledging that it is almost impossible to reduce the number of Japanese, regional Fisheries herring co-ordinator Bob Hargrove says moves must be taken to slow the existing fleet, and to lower next year's catch quota to 40,000 or 50,000 tons. "There are areas we could have fished this year with a smaller fleet," he says.

Treasury, Japanese consumption of kamoko is slipping—down to 8,000 metric tons last year from 12,000 in 1977. With projected 1979 prices at \$59 a pound, more than double the current prices, Japanese wholesalers are grouching that they may not be able to buy at that price. In the words of one Canadian processing executive, "There will be a lot of dice rolling before final prices are set." But there is a rattle of truth to the wholesalers' complaint, and a chance that the gold rush may be on the wane. Yoshio Tsuji, a technician for the Kyoto Marubeni company stationed at the Central Native Co-op in Sheswater is checking the salinity of a bucket of rice. "It's important for me to buy Japanese," he shrugs, "but this year, it's too much I won't buy."

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## Letters

### Might vs. plight

I read *A Heartless Choice of Heart* (Feb. 20), on the overpayments, with interest, Babel (Lamington) paid herself on being "a righteous person" yet maintains that she is not "doing anything wrong" is refusing to refund money to which she is not entitled. True, she and her fellow debtors did not



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err in accepting the money, but they are wrong now. We can't define righteous to suit our own purposes. I am sure if the situation was reversed and the government was refusing to make payments due to a clerical error, these people would be demanding their money, and rightly so. It is unfortunate that this should happen to those who can probably ill afford to repay the money, but that does not change the fact that these people are not legally, or morally, entitled to this money.

B. SAGGIO, HALIFAX

### All in the family

Before assuming my present position as an MP's assistant, I was a television reporter-writer. During that time I was often made aware of the fact that many, if not most, politicians have a dislike and a mistrust of the media. Your profile on the minister of state for federal-provincial relations, *John Reid, Man on the Move*, Friday (Feb. 26), was the epitome of why this dislike and mistrust exists. I have never found Mr. Reid to be arrogant or conceited. I do find him friendly, knowledgeable, hardworking and trustworthy. The only part of the article that rings true is the thought that Mr. Reid should have been in cabinet earlier.

WM. BEISSMAN, OTTAWA

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### Canada

By Robert Lewis

**J**oe Clark flinched at the roiling press conference and the staccato burst of motor-driven press cameras each time he dropped his chin onto clasped hands at an Ottawa news conference. As the nightmare of an unrelenting front-page picture receded, the Conservative leader chuckled softly and went on with his pitch.

In Toronto, Pierre Trudeau spent his arms wide and, through the telescope lens of the television camera, seemed to embrace a giant Canadian flag to his rear. Down below, a four-number slot crane loomed by the Liberal grand stander's side.

In Ottawa, Ed Broadbent arrived at the gate of a General Motors truck plant. The extensive arm of the NDP leader's visit was to greet home-based workers. But the real purpose, it being 2 p.m., was to grab a few seconds of favorable TV time on the national news shows seven hours later. When Broadbent spotted some other than the car's Executive Nash, he whistled. "What are you doing here? It's not 11 o'clock!"

As the 31st general election campaign opened last week, the nation was trans-

## Another opening, another show

formed into the equivalent of a long-time movie lot. The leaders were off, in search of the best take for the finale on May 25. Within three days of the surprise curtain-raiser all three were in the pit-lanes, snatching down an unsuspecting nation to grab the best light for their scripted performances.

A realistic Broadbent adviser spoke in early, evident campaign truth as he thrust a finger at a hotel television set: "The election happens here. When

Trudeau, Liberal candidate Jim Peterson and Ontario secretary Mary-Jennings, last week, who's from the planet Venus?"

someone knocks on the door campaigning, it's like he's from the planet Venus."

For more than 1,000 candidates in the 282 electoral districts,\* the mix of leader-as-star may be a disconcerting consideration: local standard-bearers like to think they won by themselves. But with more television time available to the parties than ever before under the new election laws—a total of 6½ hours of commercial prime time is up for grabs—the leadership blow-dryer and made-to-order dark suit have become staples, along with policy brochures, in the campaign bag.

The national press, of course, intensifies the focus. When the three main contenders took off from Ottawa last week on Air Canada, there were 38 reporters with Trudeau, 35 with Clark and 36 with Broadbent. (For Marston's last Uncharted flow with Trudeau, Roy MacGregor with Clark and Adrienne Laframboise with Broadbent.) Every inter-

\*An overview of 35. Readings at election's end: Liberals 122, Conservatives 91, New Democrats 17. Candidates may independently secure election.







a "House of the Provinces" to replace the Senate. The Grits offer more power to the provinces, say they won't negotiate independence with Quebec and propose a "House of the Federation" to replace the Senate.

Where the parties differ is in the implementation of their goals. Joe Clark, Pierre Trudeau's successor, advocates the right of official minorities to speak and be educated in their own language. The Liberals argue that their domination of Quebec, which is bound to continue, is essential in keeping the province in Confederation. The Conservatives counter with a pledge to use the Senate and the constitutional amendment process to keep francophones in positions of real influence.

#### ENERGY

The clearest long-term divergence between the two main parties is the issue of the energy war as the future of Petro-Canada. The Liberals, who established the government-owned company in the last minority Parliament, want to expand its role as a direct importer of foreign oil. The Conservatives have advocated selling Petro-Can. But as Trudeau ridiculed the idea, the Conservatives began hinting at a scheme to give shares away to average Canadians.

#### THE CIVIL SERVICE

Long before the election Joe Clark started unveiling a series of specific policy planks in a play as old as Liberalism itself: the government appropriate most of the votes, with a slight change in the tune.

Clark, for example, advocated "sunset laws" to do away with unnecessary departments and agencies and vowed to send bureaucrats out among the people. Trudeau, in response, proposed the abolition of the urban-affairs ministry and has government recently announced plans to open a Prairie-based arm of the Canadian Transport Commission.

#### FOREIGN RELATIONS

On the international scene, Clark effectively insulated the government for allowing relations with Washington to sour, as part of the half-hearted Third Option policy aimed at reducing dependence on the United States. The Liberals, in turn, quietly are planning to dispatch a senior bureaucrat to Europe to find out what went wrong with the Third Option, and the measure that earned has snuggled up to bed again with the elephant and his peanuts.

#### THE CABINET

The Tories are proposing new initiatives that differ only superficially from present-day Grit realities. Clark has,

for example, made much of his scheme for a British-style cabinet system in two tiers—an inner council of senior ministers and a larger group of junior portfolio managers. That too happens to correspond with Trudeau's priorities and planning committee of cabinet, a group of eight to 10 senior ministers who meet every Tuesday morning to set the agenda and tone for regular sessions of full cabinet on Thursdays.

#### TAX CUTS

The Tories have articulated a long list of specific short-term tax measures which will be major talking points of the campaign. Among them are promises of a \$1.2-billion tax cut, \$500 million in "income" for business, and cuts of \$600 million in the civil service. The plank that is bound to be the most attractive to voters, and most assailed by Liberals, is the Conservative pledge to phase in tax deductions for mortgage interest and property tax.

The Liberals have placed a \$6-billion price tag on Clark's promises and, except for a package of goodies for industry from the new Board of Economic Development, plan to cut the deficit as the party of spending restraint and lower government deficits—quite an act from the party that erected the welfare state during the last Lester Pearson years.

Robert Lewis



## 16 battlefields where the most blood will flow

By Ian Urquhart

**NOVA SCOTIA**  
*Politics*—With incumbent Robert Stanfield stepping down, this seat is wide open and is shaping up as a battle by proxy between Pierre Trudeau and Joe Clark. The Liberals are recruiting lawyer Brian Treadwell, a Trudeau aide, and the Conservatives have nominated lawyer George Cooper, a key figure in Clark's leadership campaign in 1976. When Pleinewang ran in 1974 he shaved Stanfield's majority from 3,927 to 2,583 votes. It should be even closer this time.

**MP candidates may be taking down**



**PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND**  
*Background*—Conservative incumbent Heath Macguire, an economic popular figure who held this riding (which includes Charlottetown) for 22 years, is stepping down. The Conservatives have nominated Tom MacMillan, a bright, young (35) academic who used to work for Stanfield. But the Liberals have nominated with Gordon Twiddy, a local lawyer, who says, "I've lived here all my life. I'm going to stay here whether I'm elected or not." The suggestion, perhaps unfair, is that MacMillan won't.

#### NEW BRUNSWICK

*Seat*—John... It was considered a major upset when Liberal MP chud Landers knocked off Conservative Tom Bell, a 20-year veteran, in the 1974 election. Now, Landers, a bland lawyer who has managed to spend five years in Ottawa, barely noticed, faces a challenge from Conservative Eric Ferguson, the local police chief.

#### QUEBEC

*Prime Minister*—Broadbent, André Payette co-leader of Parti Québécois minister Luc Payette, is one of the Conservatives' few star candidates in Quebec and is running hard in this east-end Montreal riding. The Liberal incumbent is Jacques Larue, who won the seat for the Conservatives over Conservative Minister Pierre Jussé in a PQ-quo-assisted upset in the 1975 by-election.

## Sales talk from the beater of a different drum

While the focus of selling for the majority of voters will be the differences of the two main parties (see previous story), on most issues the shared policy decisions have come from New Democrat leader Ed Broadbent. His list, from his long experience, demystified the very notion of exporting ideas, gas to the Americans. His party has been the only group in Parliament to take a tough stand against the growing trend in Canada for one large company to take over another giant firm. Broadbent has been out ahead of all other party leaders in stressing women's rights, the need for equal opportunity and in proposing a commission to not back unfair prices.

Broadbent has been trying to counter the media's penchant for personality politics—has even a list from his own with a series of short-term proposals on the economy and an industrial strategy. Although reverses are under study, Broadbent has advocated not less, but more public spending in the form of \$1.7 billion for construction projects to employ an estimated 246,000 workers. He advocates tax



Broadbent and Clark in a stand-off

credits of \$1.5 billion for people earning less than \$20,000. To cover the estimated \$2.7 billion loss in revenue, the NDP leader advocates the removal of \$1.5 billion in tax concessions to corporations and argues that the rest will be made up through lower unemployment and within drafts.

For the long-term Broadbent also argues for a reduction in his high level of foreign investment in the hydroelectric industry and new Canadian processing of minerals. He wants the federal Foreign Investment Review Agency broadened up into a review of all Canadian petrochemical industry. A more populist pitch may be Broadbent's critique of major corporations which are not expanding in Canada while investing abroad.

Check the dominance of the Canadian press on Liberals and Conservatives: now or then. The best bet Broadbent can hope from the election is a minority Parliament in which he holds the balance of power. For the past year in the polls, the NDP has trailed between 14 and 19 percentage points. Last month the party slipped to 19 per cent which inevitably places the NDP in a position of relying on roughly 30 seats, compared with 17 now. But that will only happen if Tories and Grits battle to a virtual stand-off. Obviously for Broadbent holding a balance of power with something on the order of 30 seats would give him more moral authority than he has. ■



PHOTO BY GUY LAW

Joe (Liberal) running against himself

years. But less than two years later he decided he was more at home with the Liberals and switched parties. Now the Liberals are trying to muscle him aside for Jean-Claude Malgrange, former member of the provincial legislature.

**McDonald**—This Eastern Townships seat was held by independent MP Gilbert McDonald, who was drummed out of the Social Credit Party in 1973 after being convicted on 17 counts of tax evasion. Since conviction of arson, as well, he is not expected to run again. The Tories hope to fill the vacuum with Gerald Scott, a prominent local businessman. The Liberals are courting with Jean Lapierre, a former aide to Public Works Minister Andre Guellet.

**McDonald-Euse** Montserrat—Francis Fox, who resigned from the cabinet after it was disclosed he had signed an

Alley (PC) wooing the Jewish vote



PHOTO BY GUY LAW

other man's name on a document to obtain an abortion for a lady friend, is the Liberal candidate in this Montreal riding. He is running, as Senator Edward Kennedy did in 1970 after the pay-and-dick, against himself and the only question is in margin of victory indications are it will be at least as large as was Kennedy's.

#### ONTARIO

**Etobicoke, Centre**—Rising Minister Altona College is running for his life in this suburban Toronto riding against Conservative Michael Wilson, executive vice-president of Dominion Securities Ltd and a dark-horse candidate for Tory future minister. Liberal polls have shown Offspring trailing, but his recent exposure in the much publicized dispute between the government and Elson Corp may save him.

**St. Paul's**—A Jewish rabbi minister, Secretary of State John Roberts, is in danger in this upper-middle-class seat in central Toronto. The challenge comes from Conservative Ron Atkey, a lawyer who used to hold the seat. There is a heavy Jewish vote in the riding that the Tories have been digging among. But Roberts is popular with Toronto's trendy arts and publishing crowd, many of whom live in the riding.

**Horton**—Frank Philbrick, a neurosurgeon, is likely to be hard-pressed to hold onto his seat between Toronto and Hamilton Conservative MP Otto-Joseph Lejcek, best known for his banking ability, has penetrated into the riding after redistribution took him there to seat.

**Black-Clark**—Liberal Bob Dealwin is thus riding riding in Southwestern Ontario on Agriculture Minister Steve Wilson's coalition in 1974. His chief opponent this time is Conservative David Cardin, a wealthy lumberman. The result should tell whether Wilson still has the same close ties with farmers.

#### MANITOBA

**Winnipeg-Fort Garry**—The race in this riding is wide open with the announcement by incumbent James Richardson, who left the Trudeau cabinet over its bilingual policies in 74, as independent, that he will not run for a fourth term. The Liberals will likely run Glen Avery, the only Liberal M.P. in Manitoba, and the ex-leader of the Manitoba Conservatives, Sidney Spav, will probably get the PC nomination.

#### SASKATCHEWAN

**Assiniboia**—Always a three-way fight, the southern Saskatchewan riding promises to be close again. Liberal incumbent Ralph Goodale, a former aide to Transport Minister Otto Lang, faces challenges from New Democrat Bill Knight, who held the seat before

Goodale, and Conservative Len Gaudin, a farmer.

#### ALBERTA

**Calgary**—This is the site of Jack Herzer's own song. The Conservative maverick, current Liberal minister, faces his core-opponent against incumbent Conservative MP Arnold Maclean. Even Herzer is admitting privately that his political career is "finished." But expect him to go out fighting.

#### BRITISH COLUMBIA

**Vancouver Centre**—Formerly held by Liberal minister Ron Bedford, this seat is covered by Grits and Tories alike. The Liberals are running former mayor Art Phillips but the Conservatives' first name was dropped out. If the Tories find a credible candidate, it will sell be close. Bedford won by just 1,320 votes in 1974.

**New Westminster—Capitol**—This seat on the outskirts of Vancouver has been won by the New Democrats in the last two elections. But the incumbent, Stuart Leggett, one of the best MPs in Ottawa, is stepping down to run provincially. In his place, the Tories has nominated ex-Liberal MP Pauline Jewett. The Conservatives are running Margaret Gregory, who lost to Leggett by only 304 votes in 1974. With the BC Postsecondary in the riding, equal participation is expected to be an issue and Gregory is an outspoken hanger. "There are hangers and there are hangers," says one Tory official. "She's the kind that wants to do it publicly." □

Jewett (NDP) fighting the public anger



PHOTO BY GUY LAW

#### Ottawa

## Hear no evil, know no evil

**T**he relief of campaigning federal Liberals last week, there was no sign of a smoking gun pointing to criminal knowledge of past illegal activity by the House Security Service. But a Vancouver aide of discreditable reputation by the McDonald inquiry obtained a surprise disclosure and an unsettling question. The disclosure, having been warned by the RCMP about the potential for future illegality by the St. Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau and his cabinet, basically, did nothing. The question is: ministers never heard the story details—not yet established under oath—did they intentionally fail to ask, because they didn't want to know?

The answer is for the McDonald inquiry to decide, as it narrows public hearings during the election by putting former ministers and senior Ministers on the stand. The commission also will have to consider the context of the last revolution—the jittery aftermath of the October Crisis in 1970. At the time the Trudeau government was governing the 80s for better intelligence, through infiltration, about suspected rightists in Quebec.

The problem, as an RCMP report noted in 1970, was that undercover agents initially were forced to perform "criminal acts" to win their wings in the terrorist milieu. A memo on the subject passed before Trudeau's inner cabinet of senior ministers on Nov. 20, 1970, urged an "early solution." The dilemma was the "inherent contradiction" between the RCMP role as law enforcers and the mandate of the CS, whose activities might be "necessary to the law." No decision was made.

On Dec. 16, 1971, a memo to the cabinet committee on security, also chaired by Trudeau, urged changes in legislation and raised the question of "providing some kind of immunity from arrest" for agents "who have to break the law in order successfully to infiltrate movements like the FLQ." Trudeau deferred the discussion.

By Sept. 8, 1971, when then justice minister John Turner submitted a memo to cabinet, the issue was cast in more lefty terms, as "freedom within the law." But again the decision was deferred—this time, back to the security committee of cabinet. Testified former CS director John Starnes "We never really did get the opportunity to sit down with ministers and tell them precisely and exactly what it was we had in mind." Apparently without supervision from the government, the Mission then underwent a series of operations whose legality are now being investigated by McDonald. At a press conference in Saskatoon, Trudeau dodged questions on the subject, declaring "Wait until you hear the other side before you make up your mind about any illegality."

Starnes did have a private chat with his own boss, solicitor-general George McInnis, on Nov. 24, 1970. A late handwritten by Starnes on the meeting



PHOTO BY GUY LAW

Goyer (top) and McInnis: the hard questions, it seems, were rarely asked



PHOTO BY GUY LAW

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read, "I mentioned to the minister that the CS had in fact been carrying out illegal activities for two decades and that this point had been made in various discussions." But when Starnes was asked repeatedly if he could cite a specific illegality discussed with McInnis, he allowed weakly: "To be honest, I guess the answer would be no." But Starnes maintained he didn't think specifics were necessary because McInnis "was very knowledgeable."

The inquiry plans to hear from former solicitor-general Jean-Pierre Goyer, now retired. Apart from examining Goyer on whether he knew in advance of any possibly illegal acts, the commission will have a chance to explore the general relationship in the minister had with the CS. It was at least suggested in late word the meeting that the hard questions were rarely asked. As one memo on CS covered dropping out of Goyer, "The minister made it clear that he did not want to be acquainted with the operational side." Goyer did, however, want to hear the story. The question that lingers is: did he ask about the means? **Robert Lewis**

#### Prince George

## The premier playboys of the Western world

**T**he news swept through the convention rooms like fire through a gasoline. THE ELECTION WEEK HAS BEGUN. And then the momentum of last week's Western Premier's Conference in Prince George, B.C., leaked away like smoke from a leaked balloon. It was to have been the first Western premiers' annual self-help cheer during which they would compare baying hideouts, bays behind closed doors and empty with one another and indivisible fate retained toward Ottawa. The result this year was a series of communique in which the premiers jointly called for the establishment of a western economic policy liaison committee to deal with Ottawa on ongoing economic policies, requested that Bank of Canada Governor Gerald Brown leave money Ottawa and come a-calling at provincial capitals, and reaffirmed their demands of sovereignty-sovereignty in Quebec. ("You can't have a choice and expect to have sweeping privileges," offered B.C. Premier and conference Chairman Bill Bennett.)

The four premiers apparently distracted following the election two-month faced as they were with a two-month



Lynn (left), Peter Lougheed: combats racism

freedom on all federal-provincial negotiations and the possibility of new faces at the end of the table. The final day's agenda was shortened and all business concluded by noon. But out of all the meeting rooms, the protesters showed all the backslapping businessness of Laus at a banquet. In an auditorium oozing with the sulphur smell of smoky pulp mills, western solidarity was served as they bumped and party-eeked with staterogues, clonazepam in a cornball reverie in front of 800 Prince George burghers. A deeply tanned Bill Bennett was particularly expensive, at one stage belting dismissive Manitoba Premier Sterling Leach on while hurling him a condescending all-pouring. "The fact you are the shortest premier in '91 why you got the smallest printing?" Thomas Hopkins

## Quebec

### The commissars and the bankers

The carefully veiled ideological rift within the Parti Quebecois was suddenly revealed last week like Stephen Leacock's Eastern homelike, the Quebec government appeared to side mostly off all interests as Premier Maurice Dupont was presented another conservative bankers' budget just after his cabinet collapse. Cultural Development Minister Danielle Laus, had issued a vituperative denunciation of the "capitalist bourgeois establishment" at a convention of the party's left-wing Montreal reins.

Two days before Parizeau's budget, the *seigneur* Laus urged that Piquet join forces with a new English-speaking Quebec separatist group led by Marxist

Henry Milner, and then belied his premier's reassurances that sovereignty would not disrupt the existing economic order. Read Laus: "The real question is what kind of society do we want? Will it be a capitalist society like that described by the Liberal and Conservative middlebrowists in Ottawa with the complicity of newspaper owners?"

The answer, if it can be inferred from the budget Parizeau announced last Tuesday, is a pruned "Yes." Parizeau even came up with an innovative

### Tall in the saddle, high off the hog

The Calgary Foundation has included among its members such prominent Albertans as former lieutenant-governor Gerald MacEwen and Premier Peter Lougheed. But the foundation's bank account is never matched the glitz of its board of directors. Now the charitable-sounding foundation is set to change that over a single dinner. Dinner in this case is going to cost \$1 000 a plate per plate—Lougheed's bank account stuffed with goods and services with barely a word and will raise the foundation's hoped \$1 million at one sitting, the night of May 10.

The Calgary Foundation was formed in 1965 by 20 Calgarians who contributed \$5 000 each. Unbeknownst to the foundation, its members had been invited to the foundation's annual dinner. The money was to be devoted to the foundation's approved quality of life. Smith's left the dinner and gave Calgarians the opportunity to return to the city scene of the benefits they have gained from it. Within the days of sending out 1 000 invitations to corporations, the bankers and the politicians, 800 tickets, mostly through the first \$50 000 table was sold by an insurance company in Toronto.

The foundation for "Canada's first \$1-million dinner" came from Haydon Smith, foundation vice-president and Calgary insurance executive. The talk of Smith's game is quickly to the foundation's directors last year and told them where they had gone wrong. The foundation was in a bind. It had not been

revenue to turn more Quebecers into steelworking capitalists and promised to cut all welfare payments to beneficiaries who refuse offers of work. The stock exchange will permit individuals to deduct up to \$10 000 from their taxable income if the money is invested in shares of Quebec-based firms.

The \$14.9-billion provincial budget pleased business leaders even more, by ordering all government departments to get rid of 2.5 per cent of their employees within a year—a spending restraint that aroused the ire of union leaders and put forward a vision of an independent Quebec as a workers' paradise.

For ordinary, middle-class Quebecers, the Parizeau budget was a model of responsibility with welcome but modest tax cuts, an eight-per-cent sales tax on non-durable goods and foodstuffs was permanently eliminated and, starting next year, personal-income exemptions will be increased by 12.5 per cent.

Some observers had expected a Santa Claus bag of goodies designed to win pre-government referendum votes, but Parizeau's strategy was the opposite. He went out of his way to gove his government in a worthy trustee of public funds and capable of administering the taxes Quebecers now pay to Ottawa. Said the minister: "It is a very short time, Quebecers will be called upon to decide that half is not enough and that they want to be responsible for all their taxes."

But, as Laus's anti-capitalist refrain served to remind, attainment of the PQ's independence goal could dissolve the compromise glue that now holds the party together and thus buries the new country with a vicious ideological struggle.

It was a silent organization, he said, preparing a high-profile solution—a dinner that would get people talking and contributing. "Certainly, however, doesn't open on the table this year," he said. He wanted to big \$1 million cash and a private conference announcing the dinner had the Royal Bank in Calgary didn't happen to have \$1 million on hand. That didn't leave Smith. He borrowed 100 packages of \$1 bills, copied each with a \$100 bill and dropped them in a bag. He had no problem with the Calgary Convention Centre, which can't seat 1 000. Nothing daunted Smith plans to hold 800 and make the remainder up at adjacent locations. And for the ideological argument, there will be a fashion show prior to the dinner. The theme? How to dress for a \$1-million dinner.

It might seem natural for someone pulling off \$1 000 for a pair of dinner tickets to ask how much goes for good works and what else they had. Smith is a philanthropist, only with a twist. The money will be devoted to the foundation's approved quality of life. Smith's left the dinner and gave Calgarians the opportunity to return to the city scene of the benefits they have gained from it. Within the days of sending out 1 000 invitations to corporations, the bankers and the politicians, 800 tickets, mostly through the first \$50 000 table was sold by an insurance company in Toronto.

Source: ZEXUS



Parizeau: a vicious ideological struggle?

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David Thomas

## Charlottetown

### Same time this year

Premier Edward Clark voters have been expecting another provincial election ever since the one last spring that returned the long dominant Liberals with a virtual majority of two over the suddenly revitalized Conservatives. Premier Bennett Campbell finally called it last week, the day after Ottawa's national election announcement. And he called it for April 23—a day short of a year since Islanders last went to the polls.

He could scarcely wait any longer. The government had squeaked through a five-week session last summer but after a defeated Premier Alex Campbell announced his retirement in September

following 12 previously unchallenged years in office, his successor Bennett Campbell (he isn't) knew the situation was hopeless. No government could function with 16 years glaring across the historic little assembly at 15 Napa, and only the speaker's vote to ward off the constant threat of defeat. Holding a by-election to fill the former premier's vacated seat would have been a slap at best.

Neither Premier Campbell nor Opposition leader J. Angus MacLean were quick off the stump with clear-cut platforms, nor did anyone seem to notice. It was as if voters and politicians alike knew that all that mattered now was victory—a clear-cut win for one party or the other to get on with the business of government.

Voters from any other province would find a P.E.I. election fascinating enough without issues. Every voter gets to choose two MLAs, but one is selected from a tight listing, "assemblies" and the other from a list of nominated "councillors." A new voter-resistant

There will be spaced at 75 candidates trying for 32 seats in the 16-seat constituency, with full slates from the Tories and Greens and at least a dozen from the secessionist, under barely appointed leader Doran Clark. The NDP's disenchanted ex-leader, Angus Ryan, is talking about a new and as yet unnamed alternative party. And there's always the chance that Charlottetown's wood-carving tax driver Neil Harpham, self-appointed president-leader-candidate of the Greens Party, first heard from several elections ago, may reappear to offer his usual slice of cake.

Susan Seacrop



Bennett Campbell (top), Province House and Angus MacLean: equal time and needs

would discover he was free to help lead two candidates of opposing parties to Province House (it frequently happens) that what he would likely never guess is that in some areas that still cling to an old tradition all candidates on one ballot are Protestant, on the other Roman Catholic. The twin ballots are a hangover from historic times when P.E.I. had both an upper and lower house, but today they serve no purpose except nostalgia.



# The Harrisburg Syndrome

In the latest Hollywood disaster thriller, *The China Syndrome*, a disintegrating nuclear reactor threatens to burn a hole through the earth's core. That was not quite what happened at the Metropolitan Edison's Three Mile Island nuclear power station, a mere 16 miles from Harrisburg, Pennsylvania's state capital, last week. But the reality was bad enough. After two days of conflicting views about the quantity and lethal qualities of a "controlled" radioactive emission from the plant, where one of two reactors had overheated, a series of "uncontrolled" emissions on Friday was followed by an official admission that there was a remote possibility of a melt-down of the damaged reactor's core—the next worst thing to a nuclear explosion.

By the weekend, tens of thousands of the station's 30 residents within a 30-mile radius of the plant were obeying



Harrisburg plant and (right) Edwin Pridemore, president of Metropolitan Edison. Pridemore is not quite to the core.

state Governor Dick Thornburgh's call to stay indoors until further notice. Many others, not just the pregnant women and pre-school children within a five-mile radius (to whom it was directed), were heading back to work to pack up and leave. Gas stations were jammed as families fled up and headed out. They could scarcely be blamed. A Metropolitan Edison spokesman was forecasting up to five more days of emissions and, while there was no question of immediate injury because radiation levels were far too low, some scientists were concerned about the long-term carcinogenic effects of exposure to the fallout (see box overleaf).

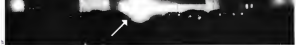
So shops and businesses closed and parents hurried to collect their children from the 28 neighborhood schools ordered shut by the governor. "This stuff ain't nothing to play with," said Don Fletcher, 21, as he fetched his brother from a school not far from the plant. A curfew was imposed in two nearby townships. 15 mass-evacuation centers were set up outside the evacuation area and a

dozen telephone hotlines were set up between President Jimmy Carter, the White House, and Thornburgh's office in Harrisburg.

All was going as usual at 4 a.m. on Wednesday at the Three Mile Island plant, on the Susquehanna River. Reactor No. 1 wasn't in operation because it was being refueled. But Reactor No. 2 was running at 90 percent of full power when a mechanical failure occurred, stopping the flow of water which cools the reactor's nuclear core. As for yet unknown reasons, the backup water pump also failed.

When the two pumps failed, pressure and heat built up in the cooling system and a valve sprang open automatically, pouring steam and hot water into a holding tank. The valve also malfunctioned. The water didn't shut off and 100,000 gallons of radioactive water were spilled on the floor of the plant's containment building.

An emergency cooling system went into action, pouring water over the nuclear fuel. One of the 62 employees on duty—no one knows who—turned that system off and no one knows why, or for how long. At that point some of the 2



highly radioactive fuel rods melted, adding more nuclear material to the overflowing water and increasing the risk of dangerous emissions from the plant.

The emergency cooling system was finally reactivated and the contaminated water was pumped to an auxiliary building. At that point the plant employees were not aware that the water was dangerous, and radioactive steam was released from the auxiliary building. No one realized what was happening until 7 a.m.—three hours after the first pump failed.

Between 7 and 9 a.m. the Nuclear Regulatory Commission (NRC) and Pennsylvania state officials were notified and, as word spread, such a scolding report became more confusing than the last. The NRC called it "one of the most serious accidents we've had." But a spokesman for Metropolitan Edison said there was never any danger of a

core melt-down. Pennsylvania Lieutenant-Governor William Scranton III said, "Everything is under control. There is and was no danger to public health and safety."

By Thursday morning, the plant was still leaking low levels of radiation, and 400,000 gallons of slightly contaminated water were said to have been pumped into the Susquehanna River. By this time, every pro- and anti-nuclear group in the country was either sounding the alarm or praising the plant's emergency system. Carl Walke of Atomic Industrial Forum, a pro-nuclear lobby, was extolling the virtues of nuclear energy.

He pointed out that no one had been killed and said the reactor was really quite safe. But Daniel Ford of the Union of Concerned Scientists charged that

the plant should have been shut long before because of 28 known safety problems there.

By Thursday night, heat and plant officials were saying that the reactor was cooling slowly and that levels of radiation coming from the plant were declining. But that optimism was soon to be seen as far too premature. On Friday a series of three "uncontrolled bursts" sent more radiation into the air, and Thornburgh ordered the first precaution.

All Saturday, technicians worked at building a lead shield which would enable them to "bleed" a bubble of radioactive vapor threatening the reactor's core, and start the cooling process. It was extremely needed, temperatures were only just below danger point and, NRC officials admitted, one wrong move could transform a partial melt-down, which had already occurred, into a total melt-down and the transmission

## 'The system works!' The system works!'

As the alerting blareblares of reactor accident whistles at the Three Mile Island Plant near Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, Canadians were subjected to a verbal lip-synch between their own environmentalists and nuclear energy officials as to whether this latest sort of thing could happen here. The answer worked out to a convincing myopia, underlining the frustrating fact that when dealing with the politically and morally charged issue of nuclear energy, straight answers from either side are usually at a premium.

"We believe there should not be public concern," said William Morrison, Ontario Hydro's director of design and development. "Pennsylvania has shown us that even after a series of failures, the public was not in danger." Yet, at the same time, Morrison admits that his soothing answers sound "rather dowdy," like the 1946 lecture offered up by nuclear energy officials in the movie *The China Syndrome*, a fictional treatment of a nuclear accident in

which a heated Jack Lemmon as the plant supervisor keeps repeating, as if to convince himself, "The system works!"

Canada entered the atomic age in 1945 with the construction of a nuclear research reactor at Chalk River, Ontario, 325 miles northwest of Ottawa. On Oct. 12, 1962, it made history with the first nuclear reactor accident when a combination of human factors and technical faults resulted in a power event that released a large cloud of radioactive into the atmosphere. President Jimmy Carter, at that time a young naval officer, participated in the cleanup.

Pro-nuclear forces insist that Canada's CANDU reactor is by design safer than the Harrisburg installation. But there have been leaks resulting in shutdowns and an order that one plant be operated at less than full power.

During the winter of 1977, a heavy-water reactor in Barnsley, India failed when a heavy-water reservoir ruptured and the radioactive liquid drained away. Business India recently reported that the employees at the CANDU reactor in Temapur are annually rewarded for adequate personnel file record-keeping to include:

Canada now has four nuclear plants,

three in Ontario—at Douglas Point, Bruce, Pickering and Pickering generating 36 per cent of the province's electricity—and one at Beccowood, Quebec, which has been shut down, and one offline. "Because it turned out to be not such a hot damn idea after all."

The plants are regulated by the Atomic Energy Control Board, a federal agency which is reportedly considering changing the safety regulations to allow up to four times the current level of exposure to radioactivity in the event of extremely unlikely accidents.

"Every responsible official admits the possibility of a nuclear accident, but worse than Harrisburg, get it at the same time they are considering raising safety standards. In events they consider will never happen, it doesn't make sense," says Norman Rubin of Energy Probe, a Toronto watchdog organization.

Both nuclear energy officials and opponents agree that public awareness of the problems inherent in using nuclear energy and public demand for more stringent safety procedures will speed up as a result of the Harrisburg incident. Says Rubin, "It's a great time to be a doomsayer."



of lethal radiation into the surrounding area.

Meanwhile, there was heavy fallout at another kind—at the political level—as the situation developed. The incident could not have been more badly timed from the point of view of the government. In May, Congress had just begun a searching inquiry into the delicate question of licensing procedures for new nuclear power plants and the equally sensitive subject of waste disposal.

The atomic power industry had hoped to push through a bill that would halve the 30 to 32 years now needed for licensing procedures. It had also supported a department of energy suggestion that experimental dumps be built for nuclear waste for the nation's 72 commercial reactors. The licensing effort was in full swing. General Electric had ordered its nuclear division executives to meet at least one congressman or administrative official on every trip to Washington to preach the pro-nuclear line. But the Three Mile Island accident turned the hearings into a roving inquest on nuclear safety. As Congressman Morris Udall, chairman of the energy subcommittee, put it, the accident would be a significant milestone in determining "where this country goes with nuclear power."

With so much riding on nuclear power as an alternative to oil—an option which is becoming daily more expensive for the U.S.—Carter was at pains to play the Three Mile Island accident cool. He sent an inter-agency task force to co-ordinate assessment and ev-

asure that detailed evacuation plans were being drawn up for the Harrisburg area, and he also asked for similar plans to be drafted for areas surrounding other nuclear power plants. But he issued no public statement and even went so far as Saturday as to pressure Senator Edmund Kennedy to postpone a congressional investigation into what went wrong.

A detailed inquiry into all aspects of the affair could not long be delayed, however, and two aspects of the accident seemed likely to boost the hopes of pro-nuclear campaigners for a long time.

**Mother hatching child from closed school at Harrisburg, Pa.: 'nothing to play with'**



time the civilian inadequacy of current emergency procedures, both inside and outside nuclear plants, and the almost total public disbelief—not confined to the Harrisburg area—in official versions of what was happening.

Incredibly, despite at least a dozen similar events at other nuclear plants in the U.S., it soon became clear that no comprehensive emergency plan had been made to deal with a major accident. At one point, the state authorities, the local city and county authorities, the civil defense organization and the like all thought they were in charge of informing the public and deciding on what evacuation measures should be taken.

As a result no one did anything for long periods of time as the line of authority were sorted out. Even then there was great confusion. Local radio and television stations broadcast just about everything that anyone would tell them, adding to the furore. The police, ambulance and fire departments sent swarms through the streets blaring loud-speaker warnings.

Little wonder many residents were bitter about the way they had been treated. Said one mother of three, as she brooded from her home near the plant to stay with relatives in Baltimore, "I don't believe we know the truth. I don't think they have told us just what radiation we have been exposed to." Asked another mother, weeping, "How dare they, how dare they put us in this risk?" That was a question to which the whole world required an answer.

**Catherine Fox: 'William Lovther**

# THIS MAN IS A GLUTTON FOR HAPPINESS.

At a time when many people are fed up with the quality of new cars, 9 out of 10 people who buy new Volvos are happy.

Having bought four Volvos, the man you see here is ecstatic.

He's Robert Froebel, an engineer and teacher in Toronto, and he's been buying Volvos since 1965. He's kept all his old Volvos in the family, giving one to his wife and passing two others along to his sons.

Mr. Froebel estimates he's put a third of a million

miles on the Volvo's he's bought.

"They might not go on forever, but as yet they've shown no signs of stopping. I can't imagine a car I could have invested in that would have given me a greater return."

If you've never felt this kind of attachment to a car you've owned, consider a Volvo.

Better to have known one-fourth the happiness Mr. Froebel has known, than never to know happiness at all. A car you can believe in.

**VOLVO**



## Who knows what evil lurks?

It may be 30 or 40 years—when any increase in cancer rates will likely show up—before the full health effects of the nuclear reactor leak at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, are known. But George W. Sidel, a biologist, and 1967 Nobel Prize winner made it clear at week's end that the damage will be long range and that no one knows enough about low-level radiation to predict its effects.

It seems startling that nuclear power plants have been built since without any close research and analysis of the risks involved. By coincidence, a group of 300 American doctors known as Physicians for Social Responsibility recently published a study showing that in a major accident at a facility like Three Mile Island—a so-called meltdown—the might be as deadly as 2,500 atomic, 45,000 cancer, billions of dollars in damage and 45,000 cancers over a period of years. The accident would also render an area the size of Pennsylvania

contaminated and uninhabitable.

But no one is at all sure what form low-level radiation leakage of the kind that is so far thought to have happened will cause. Radiation, whether from scraps of nuclear test materials or a nuclear reactor, can "oxidize" or cause changes in some of the atoms inside human cells. Large enough doses of radiation, such as those suffered by victims of the Hiroshima and Nagasaki bombings, could result in relatively predictable death from radiation sickness. Such deaths follow exposure to roughly more than 200 rads (radiation absorbed dose)—a measure of the amount of any kind of ionizing radiation absorbed by body tissue.

But nearly all scientists agree that even the smallest amounts of radiation can cause cancers or mutations. The average chest x-ray delivers a dose of twenty-five thousandths of one rad to the skin. How rare is the case of the Harrisburg accident officials say that the nearby residents have received no more than a chest x-ray dose are being misleading. The dose in this case has been over a comparatively long period—and it has

been delivered to all parts of the body.

In predicting the possible hazards that may develop as a result of the Harrisburg leak, government experts are looking back at what happened in soldiers and cosmonauts exposed to fallout from nuclear tests in Nevada during the 1950s and early 1960s. In one such test in 1957 it has been estimated that 2,235 soldiers were exposed to low-level radiation not much higher than that now in the atmosphere around Harrisburg. At least eight of the soldiers are known to have developed leukemia, a cancer of the blood normally associated with high level radiation exposure in a period of 15 to 20 years after the incident. Before now they have done so, since there are no measuring processes and many have left the service.

In addition, hundreds of claims against the U.S. government have piled up from veterans and civilians who say they or relatives were adversely affected by fallout. In one part of Utah, where prevailing winds blew radioactive dust after at least one bomb test, there have been 38 cases of leukemia whose only 10 would have been expected.

**William Lovther**



## World

# Sunny Jim and the Maiden take 10 paces and turn

It was expected to be the toughest, most bitter election campaign the British had seen for a quarter of a century. But no one had guessed as the shock waves that reverberated through Westminster last week with the announcement of a premature Tory lift right under the shadow of Big Ben Army Nurse, the 60-year-old party spokesman on Northern Ireland, blown up as he drove his blue Vauxhall out of a heavily guarded underground garage, was the third victim in a new wave of his violence. In the space of a week it has claimed the lives of the British ambassador to the Netherlands and a Belgian bank official mistaken for the British ambassador to NATO.

The assassination, coming just two days after Labor Prime Minister James Callaghan called a May 5 vote, and personally close to the ancient seat of government, proved that the IRA was capable of making good its threat to use the election for its own campaign. Tory challenger Margaret Thatcher quickly cancelled a major television address which was to have launched her campaign and joined other political leaders in condemning the violence.

The violence, however, merely under-

scored just how high the stakes were in this election. Superficially, at least, the campaign was a personality duel between Sunny Uncle Jim and Mighty Maggie the Iron Maiden. Labor MP Willie Hamilton was quick to take a shot at Thatcher's matronly, middle-class image. "She says she's become Conservative leader she has had everything done to her and for her except a face-lift," he told the Commons. The Tories, for their part, accused wily Callaghan of engineering the election date to coincide with local council elections in England and Wales and thus to ensure that Labor would get at least a higher-than-normal turnout.

But the issues were real enough and after that unusually miserable snowy winter, made more dismal by high unemployment, rising inflation and countless strikes—even the ancient botches at Buckingham Palace walked off the job—some thought the British might be more willing to accept Thatcher's hard-line solutions.

These included an all-out assault on crime power, less state interference, lower taxes and more law and order. Certainly Callaghan, who got elected on the promise that he would control the

unions, had finally been betrayed by his own power base. Although he managed to keep wage settlements down to a reasonable level, the number of days lost to strikes this year was almost three times more than in the same period of 1976. Thatcher struck squarely in his weak spot when she said "He is a prisoner of his own history. The unions were his stepping-stones to power and they know it."

However, the election outcome was far from certain. The Tories' lead over Labor, which just one month ago at the height of the garbage strike was a staggering 30 per cent, was down to seven. Ultimately, the Labor majority government, which ruled for the past 4½ years with the help of smaller parties like the Liberals and Scottish Nationalists, was brought down in a vote of non-confidence by a margin of six votes—the first time in 55 years that a British government had been defeated that way—because it failed to roll devolution to the Scots and Wales. Labor could hold on to the support of the Scottish and Welsh Nationalists only if it continued to push for separate assemblies for Scotland and Wales. But after last month's inconclusive devolution vote in Scotland, and the complete rejection in Wales, Callaghan had no option but to back down and his defeat was only a matter of time.

The cautious Thatcher waited until the Scottish Nationalists—who have only 13 MPs compared to the 529-strong Tories—pulled the plug before going in for the kill. As one Tory shadow cabinet member explained it "She didn't want to seem to fail in trying to bring down

Thatcher (left) and Callaghan would the surprise vote for an early Christmas?

the government." But in doing so, she may have given Callaghan the time he so badly needed to recover popular support which had melted away during the winter woes.

While the issue between Labor and Tories remained unsettled, two sure losers, it seemed, were the Scottish Nationalists and the Liberals. Recent by-elections and all the polls reflect the ebbing of the Nationalist tide. Hence

Callaghan's joke: "It is the first time in recorded history that turkeys have been known to roke for an early Christmas." The Liberals, Jeremy Thorpe's party, were likely to be squeezed between the major contestants. One Liberal, in particular, had cause to grieve his luck—the candidate who won an upset by-election victory the day after the government fell. After a week in the Commons—possibly the shortest time ever—The Lord Alton, 58, will have to fight for his seat all over again.

Chris Deskey/Angela Ferrante

## Amin harvests the whirlwind

The rumors of his death and guesses that made up the news from Uganda's rebel group led to one conclusion: his

Amin, scattered skirmishes heavily reported

death—Africa, they shortly say, is at a bloody level. After an eight-year domination of terror, his Amin and some local troops were reported retreating toward his remote northern home town of Asua, where the invaders closed on his capital Kampala. Their anxiety line on the city was tight—gung, thousands of refugees in search of safety, and thousands of refugees, close to British International Airport, prevented landings and takeoffs for most of the week. Libyan troops sent to bolster Amin were reportedly making a stand in Kampala and fleeing northwest with Amin's army.

Amin's destruction had been the aim of Tanzanian President Julius Nyerere ever since Uganda's forces invaded—and devolved—part of Tanzania last fall and early in February. Nyerere sent his request and Uganda went. Against northwest from the beginning it was a war of fits and starts, scattered skirmishes heavily reported and more of words than bullets. Nyerere's army was largely content to sit along a range of hills to scare off Amin's force of Rwandan and Ugandan mercenaries, and Ugandan troops, then to move into their deserted positions.

The invaders' efforts were helped at long by division from Amin's forces, resistance by the Save Uganda Movement and a dwindling war chest in Kampala. And as it edged victory, Uganda's opposition groups planned last week to set up their own temporary governments in the west already captured.

But there was a decided community of feeling between them. From Muramba to Morogoro, even with its own plan for a small Amin Uganda. Milton Obote, deposed in Amin's 1971 coup, was one such. But memories of his corruption and ruthless suppression of tribal aspirations made him unpopular among the rebels and he was not likely to be asked back to lead the country.

The most respected alternative to Amin seemed to be Yashua Luta, a member in the rebel government before independence but if he were able to perform the difficult task of uniting the groups he would set back the movement back to the Ugandan society and economy back together again.

Nicholas Chapman

## Iran

# A new society or a new tyranny?

It was supposed to be a great popular affirmation of the revolution, a great demonstration of unity among Iranians about the shape of the society to be built on the ruins of the monarchy. The presumed majority for an Islamic Republic in last week's referendum, however, proved little except that Ayatollah Khomeini still commands respect and that his followers are still making the masses, as they did so successfully in bringing down the Shah.

But the truth is that less than two months after the collapse of the army and Khomeini's triumph, the new holders of power—themselves divided—are running into increasing opposition from a variety of social and political groups. Liberal lawyers who fought the Shah for years attack the excesses of "revolutionary justice." Left-wingers demand the dissolution of

Right-wing victims few points of agreement



the army and the introduction of workers' control in industry. Women demonstrate against the role assigned to them by the mullahs. And, in Kurdistan, the helicopter gunships that Khomeini once denounced as "American weapons for the suppression of the people"—that we cannot do without in our "poor machine-gun fire and the mud houses of the provincial capital."

All revolutions are followed by a period of dissolution and conflict, but the

problem in Iran goes deeper than that. No amount of lip service to Khomeini or Islam can conceal the fact that Iran is, politically, a deeply divided society and always has been. Between the three major groups—liberals, leftists and Muslim fundamentalists—there are few points of contact or agreement.

The liberals are no place for Islam in the running of a modern state, the left sees both the liberal and the religious establishment as ultimately reactionary, the Muslim fundamentalists regard both liberalism and communism as monstrous evils, fruits of man's rebellion against God. "You can understand our situation," an Iranian intel-

published, and there are no established rights of freely visiting. While it is true that the Iranian revolution has costed far fewer people than others, none of this sugarcoats.

Nor does the Islamic pressure on the media. The radio and television, controlled by Khomeini's co-opts, Sadegh Ghotbedi, now reflect almost exclusively the Muslim fundamentalist point of view. Liberal and left-wing newspapers have been denounced in poster campaigns and their premises occupied by armed men. Women's rights have perhaps received too much attention in the West. Still, when Khomeini denounced "baked" women in government



Tehran women's protest: monstrous evils.

lectual said, "If you compare our revolution with the American Revolution, the American leaders got rid of an unjust monarch, too, but they shared a strong consensus about the kind of society they wanted. We don't."

Within the interim government and even on the revolutionary committees, which still wield great power, are many liberals and Muslim moderates. But the dominant group, in which must be included Khomeini himself, are the Moslem fundamentalists. Thus it took Prime Minister Mohd Bazargan weeks and, reportedly, four resignation threats to suspend the revolutionary trials and the political committees.

The trials are now suspended, but the arrests continue. Armed youths descend on the affluent homes of high officers and officials, strip them of everything of value and cart off the families to prison, leaving weeping families behind. The charges are nonexistent or vague, no lists of prisoners are

published, but started a chain reaction of demonstrations and marches. An embarrassed government flailed wildly and it was left to a more moderate religious leader, Ayatollah Taleqani, to get Khomeini off the hook.

Beneath the level of this triangular ideological clash, the worst potential source of trouble is the economic policy of the new government, which threatens the livelihood of both the middle class and the urban working class. The engines of the old economy were military spending, the booming construction industry. The foreign economy's demands for housing and goods, and maximum oil exports. Now military spending has been halted, immobile citizens tower over Tehran, the foreign community has all but gone and oil exports have been cut at half the old figure. To make matters worse the new government is engaged in sorting down

the size of the civil service.

For the middle class, that means bankruptcy, business disasters and a shrinkage of professional opportunities. For the working class, it means unemployment, which some economists believe may already be running as high as four million, a third of the work force. The government is denying palliatives—cheap loans and special unemployment benefits. Its long-term approach calls for the reorganization of agriculture and the creation of a "real" industrial base—not the artificial, assembly-oriented industry of the Shah. But meanwhile the cities suffer, the middle class sinks into a passive cynicism and working-class discontent grows.

The opportunities for the left are obvious. At the moment, the working classes of the cities are still pro-Khomeini. "He can do anything he wants," was a typical comment. "He knows what we need and will give it to us." But Khomeini's powers are, of course, more limited and the analysis of the Iranian left is that in three to six months the urban lower classes will be ripe for the "next stage" of the revolution. That is the main reason why the left has not used its considerable armed strength—the Fedayeen and the more radical elements of the Mojahadeen guerrillas. "They know that an attempt to get power now would go against the popular mood," a university professor said, "so they will bide their time."

The first real crisis for post-Shah Iran, however, is likely to erupt on the minorities question. The ethnic minorities, who constitute nearly half the population and occupy strategic blocks of territory around the core area inhabited by the Persians, have taken swift advantage of the revolution to demand cultural and political rights. Led by the Kurds, they have already indicated that informal autonomy, in some shape and substance, of fighting in Kurdistan and Turkmenistan show how explosive the problem could become.

Thus the Islamic revolution, which should have been the capstone of Khomeini's achievement, is likely to become a focus of contention on the federal issue of doing nothing else. Discussion of the constitution, of which a draft has already been prepared, is supposed to begin as soon as the referendum is over and to be followed, at an unspecified later date, by a constituent assembly. The country is a deeply divided political class, a shattered economy, a great potential for ethnic conflict—are not good. "Iran," said a wealthy politician, offering a tray of sweetmeats as his political oil-slinging room, "will have to suffer. This is all I can say. Iran will suffer and so on, perhaps, we will learn some hard lessons and begin again." *Narrin Woodcock*



## Good taste is why you buy it.

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It's your assurance that every bottle of Ballantine's measures up to our worldwide standard of excellence. One sip, and you'll know why discerning Scotch drinkers around the world

choose Ballantine's. The reason: *Ballantine's* good taste.

Although it's questionable whether they will ever touch a hair on his bushy head, much more cracker **Glenn Vanelli** recently purchased a pair of platinum scissors to give to his parents, who own several bar/restaurant salons in Montreal. "They never gave up faith in me," said Vanelli. Faith was a necessity back in the days when the singer was reputed to have more sex appeal than talent—when he was more hair than there. And although his pants are still tight and his shorts still unbuttoned, the 36-year-old Adams family proved his worth last year with his first platinum album (over one million copies sold in the U.S. and 100,000 in Canada), *Brother to Brother*. A double June award winner last month, Vanelli plans to spring the costly clippers on his parents when he returns to play his home town April 27. Although it's supposed to be a big secret, Mama Vanelli knows all about it. "He may be trying to surprise us," said Mama Vanelli, "so I haven't had the heart to ask him about it."

Despite the fact that she was pronounced dead after a heart attack in 1932, **Pearl Bailey**, singer, author, former adviser to the United Nations and now a college freshman, took one breath last week and blew out all the candles on her 61st birthday cake. There were only five of them, but Pearl's blue was glazed nonetheless, admitting, "Not bad for a lady who died seven years ago, eh?" Horra later, she was up on a Toronto stage for her first club performance since 1975 when she completed her long Broadway run as a black Betty Gallagher-Levy in *Heidi*. *Heidi* is a way, her 10-day Toronto stand, accompanied by her drummer-husband of 26 years, **Louis Beliveau**, was Bailey's Easter break. A chance to visit the French, philosophy and poetry books she studies for two hours a night and "just enjoy myself." But with auditions coming at Washington's Georgetown University waiting for her when she returns, Bailey won't be playing hockey much longer. "There's no favors 'cause I'm Pearl," she cracked. "Not at Georgetown, no indeed!"

Granted, it was a slightly whimsical prospect, but New York author **Truman Capote** in *On Cold Blood* left surgical techniques ready, at hand, for a "cold-blood" party at the United Nations Plaza, indulging his prophetic fantasy. Capote hosted the affair appropriately decked out in hospital colors, wearing an all-white snifter suit designed for him by *Bill Blass*. With 14 of his closest friends in attendance, Ca-



Vanelli hasn't the heart to ask him about it

pote managed to get into a clinical mood by popping champagne curbs and serving chocolate mousse before shutting off to Studio 54 for a little post-prandial disco. The dancing continued until it was time for Capote to give his puffy profile up to the knife of New York plastic surgeon **Dr. Michael Rogers**.

The apple-skin smile isn't as trendy as Kistner, nor the skin quite so good as St. Martin, but nonetheless ade. Spain's **King Juan Carlos** is perfectly satisfied that the Spanish Pyrenees resort where he skin his slopes fit for a king. Accompanied by his wife, **Queen Sophie**, and decked out in a medieval and racing suit, the king's well backgrounded presence at the Aspen Valley ski resort usually causes quite a stir. However, his appearance last week hardly raised a royal rump. The local townfolk were busy discussing the news that one of the world's richest gold diggers had re-

cently been discovered beneath their snow-mantled Sierra. While gold fever swept the little village (population, 6,000) after reports the mountain might yield 300 grams of gold per ton (200 grams per ton is considered beautiful), resort owner **Jack Sola** was thinking of ways to promote his 26-karat snowfall. A king on the hill was one thing, but Sola was far more excited about his tourists. Pleading to the town which had been cut from the mountain 10 years ago, he said: "See. You can still see the gold diggers."

Film audiences got their first unforgettable peek at Montreal actress **Andree Pelletier** when she made her movie debut in **Salma** Curle's 1970 *Les Mains*. "In my first scene I was stark naked in the shower of a strange apartment and two guys walked in," recalled the 25-year-old Pelletier, who'd dramatically received permission for the performance from her then secretary of state father, **Gervais Pelletier**, now Can-

ada's ambassador to France. But after starting out her film career with a bang, things have since dwindled to a whisper for the brown-haired Pelletier who, apart from a starring role in *Marcello* (1978), has had to make due selling soap and sitting still for bit parts. Disaffection, in part, with soap-making, Pelletier has recently returned to the stage after a seven-year leave, appearing in a Toronto production of **Steven Paskin's** new play, *Right Unwinn*. Although parental guidance is no longer a necessity, Pelletier still likes to keep in touch with her all-too-interested folks. "Is a way they're happy I'm back on stage," said she. "They say I'm crazy, but they think that's all right."

"A" If I do it out in green, drink diet soft drinks and stamp around my office late at night," says Hollywood scriptwriter/producer **Alan Thicke**, who sounds as though he's discussing the latest West Coast diet rather than the manner in which he creates. "Invariably the next line comes to me." Thicke, a 38-year-old native of Kirkland Lake, Ontario, used his technique to write his first film script for **Norman Lear's** *Adipose*, a movie which promises to do for *Bible-thumpers* what *Norwalk* did for TV. After kicking off his career at the CBC where he earned \$1 a week, Thicke moved to Hollywood in 1970 and has since worked on TV specials for stars such as **Barry Manilow**, **Olivia Newton-John**, **Flo Wilson** and **Richard Pryor**. Although his yearly salary of \$100,000 is a still happy marriage to singer **Glenn Laing** have made recuperating from a case of bronchitis easier, vestiges of the all-Canadian boy still remain. "I was over into the star trap," admits Thicke. "My big thrill is to play hockey."



Feldshuh: a religious leap of faith

write a week at a rink near my Tel Aviv home."

Although the matriculated grass courts Ad. Windblown are still recovering from a cold British winter, Canada's 16-year-old **Glenn Michibata**, considered one of the top junior tennis players in the world, is preparing for his second assault on them. Michibata, who last year became the first Canadian to reach the quarter-finals of *Arthur Ashe* Wimbledon, has spent the winter in Irvine, California, working on his game and keeping up his "A" average at a local high school. Since in California good tennis players are so ubiquitous as avocados and hot tubs, Michibata has been forced to work hard just to keep up. "A lot of my friends in Toronto think it's great to be in California," said he. "But I'm not sure. Since September, I've only been to the beach twice."

Michibata ubiquitous on avocados

She has played a rabbi's daughter in the 1974 Broadway production of *Twist*, starred as a Czechoslovakian Jew in love with a German refugee (**Joseph Bottoms**) in TV's *Holocaust* and was once cast right unsex for a "Jewish role—because of her name. But for 21-year-old **Yoshie Feldshuh**, enough was enough. Reversing a future of being ethnically typified—could a "Yiddish mama" be far behind?—Feldshuh decided not to accept any more Jewish roles and last year even considered changing her name. Consequently, it's not surprising that Feldshuh is reticent about her present acting assignment as a sensual South American Roman Catholic in the Broadway production of *Semra*. Although dramatically the play demands a religious leap of faith, Feldshuh's happy to have made the transition. "It's thrilling to play the part," she said. "As much as I love Jewish people and as much as I am one, that's all on the Jewish character notes for me for a long time."

Edited by Jane O'Hara



## Still looking for a safe harbor

**T**he brows played helplessly upward as he bemoaned fate as the words became caught in the throat. The navy-blue-gloved arm with pink-tinted cuff reached for the water glass. "It's early in the game, too," cooed William Dickens Parker, 66-year-old associate chief justice of the Ontario Superior Court. Voice trembled.



Mr. Justice Farkas, jury and McNamara (left) weekly planning with his wife, Mrs. Farkas.

been known to prefer this morning  
exercise "Another good day."

The executives, spotted throughout the orange-backed public-area crews, represent the top echelon of Canada's dredging industry in the late 1980s and early '70s. They are charged with approving, confounding or taking part in a massive conspiracy to remove inflated prices for Ontario and federal government dredging jobs between 1968 and 1970 by bid-rigging where winners paid off other companies who had bid high deliberately to lose. Several defence lawyers have admitted bid-rigging existed, but deny their clients knew.

The 1971 event that triggered the trial occurred when H.G. (Doc) Kirkness, then president of the Montreal-based J.P. Porter Co. Ltd., agreed to pay Hamilton Harbor Commissioner Kenneth Elliott a \$150,000 bribe for a dredging contract. A 1973 RCMP investigation of Elliott, resulting in a 1975 conspiracy conviction, turned up payoff invoices

leading to Rindress, who, in turn, was communicating Porter Co files to negotiate his own immunity. Robert Schneider, ex-vice-president of Canadian Dredge and Dock Co Ltd. (also involved in "Harpagone" and Allan Hancock), was also a former of the Corp's vice-president, and offered evidence to the RCMP in return for immunity. Rindress engaged Jean Stuard, former vice-president of Marine Industries Ltd. as well as lawyer Pierre Desgagnés, a Porter director in 1952, Marine Industries ex-president Gerard Pilon and former executive vice-president Louis Rochette. Schneider testified against Hancock and Stuard. Hugh St. John, who had bought Canadian Dredge, Quinlan turned in his boss, McNamee Corp. President Harold McNamara.

The three key Crown witnesses also alleged that Torco's construction president, Sydney Cooper, whose C A Pitts Engineering Construction Ltd. was involved in dredging, was part of the bid-rigging conspiracy, as were Frank Harawa and Albert Gill, president and senior vice-president, respectively, of

Sequent Dredging Ltd. of Richmond, B.C. Also charged were James Jarrell, a Pitts vice-president, and John Baben, a vice-president of John Kiewit and Sons of Canada Co. Ltd.

The trial's stated political overtones came from two main directions. First, Biden suggested a similar connection between a \$25,000 contribution to the 1972 re-election campaign of Sen. Frank Lautenberg and the economic expansion Jean Marchand's 1972 re-election campaign had and a \$25-million federal subsidy contract to the Porter subsidiary. Second, Biden suggested that the \$25,000 gift to the Democratic Party was a bribe for the democratic process. Second, critics in McManus's usual diary suggested he and Cooper were chummy with top aides of Sen. Lautenberg, including Joseph Torres, but no connection with the \$25,000 gift. On the other hand, the days pass, with James packing bags for the coming impeachment. The case remains, as it does in all criminal trials, open to the press. The critical trial, however, is the one the executive branch is authorizing itself to act. As the jurors exchanged weary glances with the jury-ward accused, everyone could have been accused for thinking dredging had been a bribe.

## Playing with a critic's delight

**D**ormed about by nationalist politician Minister Walter Gordon in the 1960s, born of nationalist leader Roger Regehr in 1971, it is and has been a source of trouble ever since, the Canada Development Corporation—began but not run by the federal government—has been the the kid that always gets the blame when something's amiss in the north. Says the president of the First Nations Development Institute, George Thawley Hargrove: "The left doesn't think it's socialist enough, the right doesn't see any need for it. Because the government's still involved, people say we're wasting money as we're not pepping things up." The criticism aside of the smooth skin he has grown after seven years' running the pro-Canada, pro-environment CDIC, "I don't think we'll see the day when everybody rises up and says

The 1978 results announced last week (profits of \$36.4 million on \$2.3 billion in revenues) may not even cause a twinkle in Vancouver and Toronto. There's fan praise, for example, from a former CIBC director: "It's a really interesting Canadian investment company," Laramie.

**Is it bigger than a bread box?**

Hudson's Bay President Dan McGinnis refused to let his Adgaa Township farm in southern Ontario, there to consider Kim Thomson's \$21-a-share cash offer for more than half of the country's oldest dismally named store. Last Wednesday morning, the phone rang. It was Glenn Weston, 39-year-old heir of bakery-beginnings Lyscan Garfield Weston, calling to say he will offer \$470 million (\$40 a share cash, or \$40 worth of George Weston preferred shares, or \$20 cash and \$20 worth of shares), the

challenging contains legislation for at least 5.1 per cent of the Bq. Wynton and a third of his directors have been secretly buying Bq stock since August. "I've had eyes for the Bq," says Wynton, "for a long time."

The Thomson family's offer will not be approved, a reluctance that should guarantee Gates glory and an \$8-billion empire. But Thomson has until April 19 to change his mind, and the Ray may favor his own Weston, who will insist on a Weston-dominated Ray board. But \$40 a share should appeal to shareholders as the final offer. Says one analyst, "Anyone who goes higher is operating on financial principles I don't understand."

Walter Gales, who hoped it would help buy Canada back. "It hasn't been very dramatic." Since it began with \$250 million in government money and the former Sarnia, Ontario, Crown corporation Polymer Ltd., manufacturer of rubber, plastic and petrochemicals, CMC has bought 30 per cent of U.S. major firm Tetraonol Inc. with its Tetraonol, Ont., Ethyl Corp. copper smelter and refinery, achieved 60 per cent of Tetraonol's \$700-million refinery-petrochemical plant, purchased the Canadian holdings of Tembec Inc. for \$211 million, retaining its CMC Oil & Gas Ltd., chartered into venture capital companies Vantage, International Ltd. Incocon Investments Ltd. and Venture W.

Capital Ltd. and acquired the world-famous Connaught Medical Research Laboratories. Because of the government's holdings (ownership is 65-35 government-private voting shareholders, although all financing since 1974 has been by Canadian individuals) and institutional nature of the moves became public problems. There were separation charges because Ventenak was run by a CIO director's son, Duxer, a Mexican bread-mill maker, folded court battles followed the Tescanall bid, and Workbush allegations shook Ottawa.

Through it all shines the eternal smile of Hampton, who explained away the dismal four-per-cent return, when 15 per cent had been promised, with the aid of his master's degree in economics and banking and investment-house backdoor.

Hampson has shed 28 pounds since last summer when he was pushing 300. Dieting was easy compared to the process of selecting new acquisitions from firms including oil and gas, electronics, food processing and auto parts.

[illegible]

Roderick McQueen



CDC's Hampton dealing with a task compared with the process of selecting acquisitions.

## Profit is not a dirty word: it fills the room like bits of blown insulation

By Rodenck McQueen

It was an easy, if inept, request I made one morning during a previous incarnation as political aide. A businessman on the phone was pleading for a hard telephone from my boss, Robert Staudel, to read at some business dinner meeting. The red-haired phrase he requested: "Profit is not a dirty word." Politicians so love to please that the message was sent, business so loves to be stroked that it asked. The open-ended, like-kind scale did not register any delicious tremors.

That Toronto night early in the 1990s, but there must have been some agreeable chair scraping as the gathered business around its favorite phrase fill the room like bits of blown insulation. They worry, you see, about what people think about them and their profits, fearing that the nation believes there is only control by hard-nosed heads with brass buttons and lounge suits, cigars and silk hats.

Business walls when profits are low, worries when they're high, when under government controls. It complains that as we understand what profits are or why they're falling through the fingers, how is it the clean-up years like 1978 when profits rose 36.6 per cent after a 12.5-per-cent increase in 1977. It was profit figures that awakened the now economic-savvy son of the anti-inflation board, known as the Centre for Study of Inflation and Productivity, the engine and department-store profits had skyrocketed 97 per cent, bringing Chamber of Commerce Chairman David Brads knee-jerking to his feet before an assembly convened Canadian Club to say that profit represents only 38 cents of new product value, the consumer spends. Said Brads: "If you tip the man who delivers your groceries 50 cents on a total order worth \$80, chances are he's making more on the deal than the store." That assumes you have a man bringing groceries, just as you might have a kindly old Spanish gardener with pinstriped trousers.

But there's something even more silly

than boiler-plate speeches presenting a free-enterprise system that began dying with the government take-over of the partially completed Lachine Canal in 1931. Even with the multinationals that corporations spend to reach the public through stage advertising and services from the moat of press releases, the boss can still get his Gerson in his game. Imagine the 1978 Winnipeg scene, for example, when Royal Bank Chairman Karl McLaughlin was asked why so women were on his board of directors. The nearby PR officer re-



mined McLaughlin of a noncontent appointment. But McLaughlin waved him off and proceeded to arouse everyone from Kate Millett to Cagney McQuinn by saying he couldn't find a qualified female, thus managing to trade tolerance for chauvinism. "A female housewife," he said, "may represent women, but she could make no contribution to the making of a bank."

Then there was Alois President David Oliver moaning on the 1977 closure of Alois's Newfoundland business zone. "I achieve the way those Newfoundlanders hang in there," he said, "but the world doesn't owe you a job when you happen to want to live." And, more recently, as Imperial Oil President Jack Armstrong explained how Exxon Inc had cut back Canada's supply by 5,000 barrels a day, brand "We are a trading nation and we are going to have to recognize that we have a lot of the white man's burden." That's neither how low nor low road, it's more like Cecil Rhodes at his 18th-century colonial

African best. Both thoughtful gaffes don't mean, however, that business is so heartless as to eat the last egg of the whispering crane. More likely, some bright corporate spark would suggest selling a franchise serving up french fries and calling it the Last Whisper Supper. The gaffes are at least more honest than some of the free-enterprise speeches that are to reality what Minsk is to the car.

Probing out the public's mood has become a business preoccupation with business plans for the future. The 128-member Perseus Business Resources Communications Foundation recently conducted a public-opinion survey in London, Ontario, that discovered misunderstanding of oil reserves and profit levels. After a 16-week advertising and information blitz, another survey showed improved, altered attitudes. Imagine the lites from that blitz spawning across an anti-getting-laid Board of Trade exemplar on every billboard. Chamber of Commerce stations reaching from every small-

able speaker, after-dinner speeches all day long. One business think that the public believes its corporate message don't know how to operate their own lives? That they don't deserve reward where the rules are real? That they stretch their leisure suits?

As business slowly twists in the bad wind of its own making, worrying about the worst of all worlds where there's personal failure and public alarm, it should wonder who keeps alive the controversy of unaffiliated scorn toward profits.

It isn't the public that speaks in the strange jargon of misused earnings, balance of revenue and return on equity. The problem is corporate-community relations is not about an old shantage or the declining word ethic. It is, instead, a crisis of credibility, a fear of foolishness, an offending paternalism, even a knowledge that employee loyalty is no longer widely regarded nor well rewarded. That's why profit is without honor in their own hands.



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Press

## Business scribes jockey for the buck

ONE measure of a magazine's success is the number of copies carried off by airline passengers. It may not be an accurate indicator like advertising revenue, paid circulation, or newsstand sales, but it brings a smile to the face of Roy MacLaren, publisher of *Canadian Business*, the money magazine. "We are the first business magazine carried on Air Canada," he says, "and they tell us we're being sold in quite satisfactory."

MacLaren adds, "We have a growing number of readers with a variety of backgrounds. The magazine can now be found in hardware stores, along with *Vogue* and *Elle*." Says Alexander Ross, *Business*'s editor: "We've got five, bright writers, and publish more people-oriented articles than in the old days. I've tried to apply the techniques of consumer magazines to a business one."

Indeed, there are busy times for Canada's financial press. The enormous increase in ad revenue may be due to concern over inflation, a complicated tax

structure and general economic anxiety. On a much more positive note, the new wealth of the Prairie provinces is also reflected in expanded coverage. Evidence of the economic shift westward is everywhere. In February, the weekly *Financial Post* (circulation 280,000, one-third of it in the west) began a new self-contained section, *Western Business*. Both *Canadian Business* and the *Report on Business* of the Toronto *Globe and Mail* are looking up their western coverage in response to what MacLaren calls "the almost disproportionately high circulation out there." Alberta *Business* and B.C. *Business* are growing, and September is the target date for Manitoba *Business* to launch a sister publication in Saskatchewan. Clearly, the readers are there.

However, readership is growing a lot faster than the necessary advertising, which totals about \$40.75 million annually. The biggest share goes to the *Report on Business* with approximately \$10 million. Next comes the *Post* with \$8

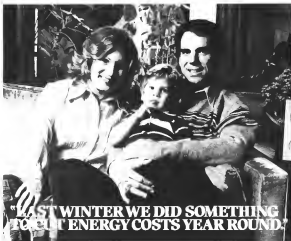
million. *Canadian Business* and the weekly *Financial Times of Canada* with \$7.5 million each, and *Kinesis* magazine with \$750,000. Another \$20 million goes to the western regional, the French language business publications, board of trade magazines, and the business pages of daily newspapers and general-interest magazines. The fight is not so much for readers or for scope, as for variety share.

Leading the pack are *Canadian Business* and the *Report on Business*. When MacLaren and others bought *Canadian Business* from the Canadian Chamber of Commerce in 1977, they introduced a professionalism and a grasp of business issues sorely needed in the field. The *Post*, by contrast, has always relied on accurate no-frills reporting on a day-to-day basis. It's in some measure a response to *Canada's* fate that the *Post* this month became a daily, with publication of an edition on Monday, which was always considered a non-news day for consumers. The Monday paper is livelier and more subjective; it also has the printing capacity to steal away some color display ads from *GM*. But that's not the only advantage of the new six-days-a-week station. Says James Lindhorst, *Canada's* marketing manager: "The trends indicate to me that a daily business paper is needed and will increasingly be supported by advertisers."

The same conclusion, apparently, is being reached by Neville Kaskivel, editor of MacLaren-Hunter's *Financial Post*.

Twenty years ago the *Post* was an investment paper rather than an all-around business paper. Since then it has grown even further, as a weekly of public affairs and economics. Its market share and advertising receipts have been slipping, though not dangerously. Speculation is rife about whether it will make the change to daily status in the next year or two and directly confront the *Post*. "If it's feasible," says Kaskivel, "I'll like with the help of others to make the *Post* a daily. I'm frankly for the major change, make no mistake about that."

That is the trade knew that, though some of the little fellows may get knocked off, the light is not for survival—it's to establish the unchallenged supremacy of one paper and one magazine and to set up a pecking order for the others. Nevertheless, the field is getting more crowded all the time. Recently, *Saturday Night* reinstated a financial department (a staple in earlier times), and now even *Toronto Life* has announced plans for a six-page business section. It will likely commence this spring, at the same time, coincidentally, as *Business*, a new magazine aimed at Canadian women. Doug Featherling



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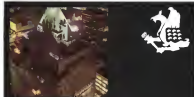


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## Transportation

### Needed: a port in a storm

**T**he DASH 7 seems an unassuming enough airplane. Propeller-driven, it has the stumpy solidity for planes of its size (it can seat up to 50 passengers) to land on a 2,000-foot runway, less than half the distance required by the big jets. It is also quiet, for a plane, with less than one-third the noise of a jet. And the plane 7 has been entirely designed and produced in Canada by de Havilland Aircraft of Toronto. It represents a major achievement in a bleak manufacturing scene. But, in a typically Canadian way, the DASH 7 has become the centre of a controversy that has split political parties, the press, and the people of Toronto and threatens to engulf the plane.

The controversy stems from the federal government's determination to develop busy Toronto Island Airport, now used almost exclusively by private planes, as a short takeoff and landing (STOL) facility for the DASH 7. In the government's plans, the island airport would serve as an anchor for a three-city transit network linking Toronto to Montreal and Ottawa and providing downtown-to-downtown service for businessmen now forced to see the major airports in the suburbs.

The government is not only concerned with businessmen who want faster service. It is no coincidence that the government owns de Havilland and would like to find a market for its plane. To date, de Havilland has sunk \$137 million into developing the DASH 7, but just 24 planes have been sold. Sales have picked up since the United States decided to de-regulate air traffic last October, a decision that has allowed small, regional airlines to buy a plane as big as the DASH 7. But de Havilland is still a long way from its break-even point of 200 sales. While most of these sales would be to other countries, the government believes a domestic market must first be developed to demonstrate the DASH 7 is a useful aircraft. The perfect showcase, the government feels, would be a Toronto Island cross-port. Without it, the DASH 7 may not fly.

Federal Transport Minister Otto Lang Amos, however, has his doubts to convert the island airport into a STOL-port is motivated solely by lagging

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The DASH 7 circling the islands off Toronto, without a part it may not fly

DASH 7 pilot He notes the proposed 900k network would also drain traffic from Toronto International Airport in the suburbs and Dorval on the outskirts of Montreal and ease the crowding there. (It is estimated that more than one-third of the 1.5 million people a year who travel by air in the Toronto-Montreal-Ottawa triangle would switch to 800k.) Lang also says development of the DASH 7 will create a lot of jobs.

But Toronto city council, which opposes the major core of the metropolitan area, is not buying Lang's idea. It has voted against a 900k-port on Toronto Island on the grounds it would detract from the adjacent parkland and disturb the beaches, a mainline residential area in the airport's flight path. (While the DASH 7 is unanimously quiet, Beaches residents are worried it would soon be replaced by a jet-800k.) The money, suggested city councilors, would be better spent improving rail service between Toronto and Montreal. But Lang says that the amount to be spent improving Toronto Island Airport and developing a downtown Montreal landing strip, which he estimates at \$22 million, would make him a dent in the \$1.5-billion bill for upgrading Toronto-Montreal rail service. As for the parkland and the beaches in the Beaches, Lang says the 800k 7 will not bother them and promises jet-800k will not be introduced at a later date.

Lang, however, recognizes the diff-

culty of launching a Toronto Island 900k-port over the objections of city residents. Thus, he is busy laying up support elsewhere. Already, the provincial government, Etobicoke (a suburb in the metropolitan area), the Metro Toronto Board of Trade, and some newspaper columnists have come out in favor of the island 900k-port. Lining up against Lang are an equally formidable group including newspaper associations, railway buffs, and the editorial pages of the *Toronto Star* and *The Globe and Mail*. The key to breaking the deadlock may be Metro council, which brings together representatives of the inner city and the suburbs. To date, it has not pronounced itself on the island 900k-port.

Meanwhile, Lang faces a revolt in his own ranks from some Toronto-area firms who have been outbids in private to oppose to the 900k-port.

The federal Conservatives appeared at first to be split on the issue. Bob Richardson, federal Tory candidate in the Beaches, wrote the CTC on behalf of all Conservative candidates in the Toronto area expressing opposition to the 900k-port. Apparently he had not bothered to check with some of his suburban colleagues who support the project. They objected to Richardson's letter on their behalf. Richardson followed up with a second letter saying he was just speaking for himself.

The retrovirus movement it will not likely be resolved until after the federal election, when it is safer for a government to make a decision. Until then, the DASH 7 hangs in limbo. **Ian Urquhart**

## Health

# Beware dogs, there's a killer virus loose

The June Henry the mongrel puppy is on the head of a pin. Guelph University began experiments this month using the feline distemper vaccination, to see if they are safe for dogs as a stopgap until a canine vaccine can be developed. That work will cost \$27,000. A symposium on parvovirus early in March in Markham, Ont., raised about \$20,000 in donations from dog clubs, concerned individuals and a dog food company.

Dr. Povey believes the disease can survive on soil's bacteria, clothes and shoes. It can stay alive on the floor for 11 months, as no household disinfectant will kill it. Researchers have no idea how many of Canada's approximately three million dogs have already been affected. "We are only seeing the tip of the iceberg," says Povey. "We don't see the family pet who comes down with diarrhea for a few days. How many



cases diagnosed as gastroenteritis are a mild form of canine parvovirus?"

Dr. Povey receives about 30 calls a day from veterinarians and dog owners concerning the virus. Yet little work is being done on the disease. Neither St. Hyacinthe nor Western College, Canada's only other veterinary colleges, are doing parvovirus research. In the U.S., only Cornell University at Ithaca, New York, is doing research.

In Canada, finding a vaccine to protect the family dog relies partly on potential profit margins. If Canisguard Labs in Toronto deem the market viable, they will invest the necessary \$100,000 to produce an inoculant. "It's too bad," says Canisguard's Dr. Michael Waterscroft, "that it has to be a commercial decision."

Hence, thus, appears enticed on the behalf of veterinarians, publicists and researchers at Guelph University. The half-dozen cases seen by Western College of Veterinary Medicine in Saskatoon are not yet considered cause for alarm there. "We're having to rely on information from the areas that are heavily affected," says Dr. Bill Giesbrecht of the Small Animal Clinic. But he adds "I hope they get a vaccine before it gets to here." **Mike Macbeth**

most try 100 million virus will die on the head of a pin. Guelph University began experiments this month using the feline distemper vaccination, to see if they are safe for dogs as a stopgap until a canine vaccine can be developed. That work will cost \$27,000. A symposium on parvovirus early in March in Markham, Ont., raised about \$20,000 in donations from dog clubs, concerned individuals and a dog food company.

Dr. Povey believes the disease can survive on soil's bacteria, clothes and shoes. It can stay alive on the floor for 11 months, as no household disinfectant will kill it. Researchers have no idea how many of Canada's approximately three million dogs have already been affected. "We are only seeing the tip of the iceberg," says Povey. "We don't see the family pet who comes down with diarrhea for a few days. How many

These apparent inconsistencies are baffling veterinarians. Canine parvovirus is a new disease, isolated only last June, when it appeared in Canada, the United States, Europe and Australia. Virologists have no explanation for its sudden genesis. The disease seems to be a mutation of feline panleukopenia, an cat distemper. It attacks the intestinal tract of dogs, weak the gastrointestinal tract and ranges from deceptively mild to violently lethal. "Dog owners should watch for signs of lethargy or depression, vomiting, diarrhea, and often, blood in the stools," says Dr. Charles Povey, associate professor of Guelph University's department of clinical studies. "Early detection gives dogs a fighting chance."

The disease appears to weaken in cold weather. Fewer cases were noted during the winter months. But with warm weather coming dog owners have cause to worry again. "Unless we find a vaccine, eventually most dogs in Canada will be hit by the disease," says Dr. Povey. "Whether or not they survive will depend on the constitution of the individual dog and number of viruses that have invaded the body." He expects more than 50,000 dogs to contract the virus this summer, and about 1,000 to die. Since no medication will eradicate or even weaken the minute virus (curve

## Directions from the love-inspector: 'Love your child, Mr. Smith, or else'

By Barbara Amiel

In a recent interview Andrew Cohen, executive director of the Canadian Council on Children and Youth, was asked about the painful discrimination to which Canadian children are subjected. Among other things, explained Cohen, a child has no recourse in the face of unrelenting attention. Grandmotherly types may come up to perfect (fright) strangers and pat their hair-shirted heads. The "indocuous epidemics," Cohen called it. Other indignities: public telephones that are too large for tiny tykes, housing projects for adults only and Chip or Java having to wait for adults to be served first at cafes before they can plant down their disposable income.

The version of Cohen's remarks was the publication of the publication of the Council's report *Admiration: The Child as Citizen in Canada*, one of many looks at the condition of the world's children in the United Nations-sponsored International Year of the Child. These citizens who pay little mind to the rights subject of children's rights may be forgiven on the grounds that any child that bears the imprint of that Eekhemanded body called the United Nations can be safely ignored. However, as George Orwell pointed out, a thing may be true even though Lord Beaverbrook or the UN says so—and it seems evident that even here in Canada there are some very substantive problems. The trouble is that an incredible muddle exists in the minds of many who talk or write about children's rights. In this muddle the randomness is juxtaposed with the serious important issues are revivified by blustering about supermodel images and corporate Austin Martin Cohen declares society's tendency to be "paternalistic" toward children. Someone should tell him it's okay. It's like being overcautious to anyone.

What has to be recognized is that each age in life has its advantages and disadvantages. Children are weaker, are often not as capable as adults, and often shouldn't be. Very often they are

thought to be cute and hugged. If they don't like it, tough. Any kid who can't cope with the trauma of being kissed by a well-meaning sponsor should be thrown off the Tropicana as being unfit for life. On the other hand, the serious problems are complex and offer no easy exits. Custody, for example, can become a battle between agencies, foster parents and courts, with the child in limbo. Such legislation as Ontario's new Child Welfare Act is too its best to protect the interests of Crown wards, but still problems remain. For example, if a



judge takes an access order formalizing visiting rights of a woman's mother as against the law then forbids the child to be put up for adoption. A child with an access order can only be put into foster homes. Yet judges must these access orders on compassionate grounds. They don't want siblings separated from one another. Of course, new adoptive parents want the right to say that an older brother is a bad influence and therefore not welcome as a visitor. Balancing these rights is a difficult business. Hence the move to give children independent legal counsel representing their rights.

Another serious problem is child abuse, often confused with the issue of corporal punishment. Child abuse, like child neglect, is clearly prohibited by the Criminal Code. Corporal punishment, however, is an area where legitimate differences of opinion exist. Most of us feel that it is preferable to guide a child by gentle means, but some see it as a whole bag of psychological tricks. But

many parents are simply not skilled enough to do that and a slap on the bottom may be a better solution than bringing up a child with no guidance at all. Recent proposals to have the federal government outlaw corporal punishment not only in the schools but in private homes as well raise what to my mind is the most serious problem: the age of children's rights as a government. Tropicana here to be towed into the last remaining areas of citizen's autonomy.

Bill C-304, the proposed Canadian bill of rights for children, leans heavily on the United Nations declaration. As such, it conflicts, among other things, the right of the Canadian child to "love and understanding" and affection" and opportunities to develop "physically, mentally, morally, spiritually and socially." If these are totally empty phrases they are objectionable because of their hypocrisy. More dangerously, if this bill removes the force of law it may open up a whole new area of state control in citizens' lives. Who, for example, will set the norm of love and understanding for a child? How will we judge a love-inspector's complaint that a strict parent is hampering a child's right to "spontaneous development"? Last anyone think this a foolish question, consider the current U.S. case of a college-educated adult suing his middle-class parents for their lackluster performance.

In fact, I believe that the great majority of parents do a very decent job raising their children. Those who don't can already be severely punished under existing laws. What may be useful to remember, as our fractured society contemplates the creation of another "rights" constitution, is that human perfectibility is limited. Trying to solve the dreadful problems of child abuse and neglect should be a major priority. Trying to legislate a perfect world with love and happiness is not set out to each according to his needs by some state agency is the long way of creating a society into a nightmare.



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# Something small is growing big

By Lawrence O'Toole

On the whole, ladies and young children appear to have been left to survive as the widest profit centers... What psychology and effect this may have had on characters, not particularly here, can only be imagined... If children are not to be seen as miniature adults, Childhood was already over... —Barbara Tuchman, *A Distant Mirror: The Calamitous Fourteenth Century*

In the pop culture of the past, children have always relied on the tenderness of strangers' adults. Everything for them is first filtered through an adult's consciousness. Until very recently, kids have been viewed as works in progress, not quite the finished form. Carefully conditioned, sequestered in films, they waited toward their final destiny: to be growing up. Childhood was a nowhere-land—a kind of durable emotional training bra.

The movies—the biggest catchers of all—fortified that popular sense of kids, often unconsciously. Seen but not really heard. And, as everybody knows, the problem with kids is that they're so small you have to look down to see them. What effect this may have had on adults, apart from a severe case of strained neck, can only be surmised. The '30s, not having grown as great a respect for long hair as some up in the air, have brought about a different perspective. Why beginning to look at kids as having emotions as deep, and personalities as unique, as adults, no where has this been reflected as lucidly as in the movies. Kids' emotions, previously pushed into pitifulness, now have regular edges.

- A few things to remember about kids in movies from the '30s.
- Tatum O'Neal wearing her outrageous chicken hat and fleeing victims for her tear ducts in *Paper Moon*. The kind of kid W.C. Fields would have offered a double shot of.
- Julie Porter in *Past Perfect* talking about what she would like to do with her life if she wasn't forced to turn tricks.

The rougher edges of children in '30s movies (see below)

- Scott Jansky in *That Certain Summer* having to come to terms with his father being homosexual.
- Richard Dreyfuss feeling he has to charm Marilyn Mason's wisecracking daughter Quinn Cummings to get to the heart of Mason herself in *The Goodbye Girl*.
- The lack of absolute wonder on Cary Elwes's face in *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* when he first sees the aliens.
- Brooke Shields in *Pretty Baby*, asking her first nervous client, a dull middle-aged man, to go on or her.

A partial list of movies starring children, however good or grumpy they were, can easily be summarized. The *Newer Borns*, *Conover*, *The Exorcist*, *Man Gole*, *Andrew*, *Days of Heaven*, *Who Has Seen the Wind*, *Shogun*, *My Sister Sam*, *My Father Got Me This Jacket*, *Afternoon Love*, *How Deep*, *Small Change*, *Get Out Your Handkerchiefs*, *The Wild Child*, *Dear Mr. Stansbury*, *The Champ*.

It wasn't always with a relatively big ego state of affairs. The child of the '30s (Shirley Temple, Freddie Bartholomew, Jackie Rooney, Jackie Cooper) was so cute you could kill it. During and after the Depression, movies and sometimes were churned out, to take people's minds off the grim realities, and the contents of kids was the

perfect palliative. That cinema also reinforced the idea of the miniature adult kids were being because they were something worth trying to be like. *The Little Rascals*, *Little Man*, *Mother and Little Lord*, *Pinocchio* were endearing. When they behaved like adults, kids were cute. Only Billy Lacey, as W.C. Fields was cute, looked like a true baby—a first elsewhere, in the '30s, kids' cinema was taken away from them.

In the '40s the increasingly sensitive little people arrived in droves. Claude Rains, Elizabeth Taylor, Rocky Madson, Natalie Wood, Peggy Ann Garner. Shirley Temple had grown up and her cinema value took a plunge. Shirley's status at the

box-office just wasn't performing. After the war, during the baby boom, children were viewed sentimentally, and sentiment, as it turns out, is a time-wasting activity. Such a protectionist atmosphere reigned that children, ironically, were set apart from the adult world, their communication restricted to dogs, horses and crickets. Childhood, as adults, was still a foreign place in the '50s, while everybody was enjoying the great economic boom and moving to the suburbs, children were all but forgotten. Kids in the movies were almost invisible; they are confused and caught the best of school. Kids made-



'Close Encounters' absolute wonder

ling was silently, strictly enforced. Mommy and daddy were busy discovering *Evans*. In *Shane*, Brandon de Wilde found the true model for all little boys—the strong silent, good-good grandfather—and thereafter every little boy got a gun and holster set for Christmas. When a child was disturbed, like Patty McCormack in *The Red Shoes*, the bad behavior was chalked up to *being poor*. The only great movie dealing with kids in the '50s, *The Night of the Hunter*, was I think seen by enough people to fill an elevator. Incorporated in the Disney studios in the '50s (except for *Lolita*, and look at the star that caused), kids never became anything close to "real" until after the great social upheaval of the '60s, cinematic marriage what could be called the Golden Age Code of behavior reformed to the point where a PG rating could include peppy language and sex. The growing maturity consciousness, including feminism, changed cinema too. (Thus, after all, the fear of the Child—a sad to see reality.) Not coincidentally, the biggest child stars of the '70s have been pre-pubescent girls and not necessarily major-and-age. Tatum O'Neal, Brooke Shields, Jodie Foster,

Quinn Cummings. Ten years ago Linda Madson, the Hook Film heroine of *Days of Heaven*, would have been played by Gene Bieve in the sweet-toothed style of Father Flanagan in *Boys Town*. "There is no such thing as a bad boy." In fact, it's not so much that children have changed drastically as much as the rest of the world's view of them has.

If there's a memory of the child from the Golden Age that lingers and still shows length, it's *Alfred Hitchcock in Afternoon*. *Love Afternoon*. Alfred and suddenly on her own with a kid, much in the middle of her life. After long telling "Gee, we're in this together." He tells her unsuspecting jobs and the price up with him, she has no such trouble making as her maid Margaret Trudeau and he's patient with her. The final shot, of the two of them sending their way down a small street looking very much about the new status of the child. No apologies are made for the smart-kid-with-glasses anymore.

Capable of an extended emotional range, the child is now considered a person, not merely a film reflection of what he or she will grow up to be. Kids being surfacing now in movies, are even often at the center of them. If took 30 years for a child star to be placed upon among the top 100 box-office films—Tatum O'Neal in 1955, before that it was Margaret O'Brien in 1945.

But, in keeping with the tenets of the art, the child is a consumer, too, and the studios were pretty well in picking up on that. The biggest grossing film of all time, *Star Wars*, may also be the ultimate kids' movie, the rest of the super-heroes—the *James Dean*, *James*, *Superman*, *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*—have all been PG (Parental Guidance) as well. Pure kid stuff. Over 10 years ago when the Motion Picture Association of America began its new ratings system, the studios discovered that a PG could literally double their take at the box office. Despite the success of *Kidz*, *Star Wars* and *Star Wars* and the *Star Wars* Kid, the top movie-maker of 1980 was Disney's *The Love Bug*. Nowadays there's a fight nearly every week by the studios to get one of their restricted ratings dropped down to a PG, a G, or General Audience rating, almost always means a gold mine. Half-price notwithstanding, kids are solidly determining the direction movies are taking. The major question now is: how to make the movies, which are mostly comic-book, *Fantastic Planet*, *Gordon*, *Alien*, the sequel to *Star Wars*, *Star Wars*—seem custom-made for children. *Close Encounters* (the *Walden* series *Pinocchio* series) are *best* (given a solution of respect and showed into a movie that is as much as possible) and have kids to thank for their success. Small change may be small change, but a lot of small change is still money.

Still, whatever imagination has been

going on (*The Exorcist* and *It*) has also been induced by the fact that kids have generally gotten on the best deal of a good thing too, would you want your kid growing up and writing a *Moon* *Debut*?

## Robot love

FROM O'MAL JULIE-8  
Directed by Dave Smith

What happens when two robots, who look like Sandra Dee and Frankie Avalon in *Gidget Goes to Miami*, hook up—beats at the Intergalactic Robot Show? Romance—just like *Romeo and Juliet*. Through the course of true love runs, too fast in a half-hour animated film. (courtesy of Nelvana's, the Toronto-based company that made *A Cosmic Christmas* and *The Devil and Daniel Mouse*, to be broadcast April 8 on CBC) for the viewer to get 100-percent emotionally involved, the idea is what a good excuse for some wonderful, wish-fulfilling, intergalactic animation—an actor as bright as bluffs off the TV screen like the *Star Wars* Enterprise on warp 9. The villains, all human (at least), are, much more engaging than the spacey robots *The Captain* and *Marriage of the story*—Mr. Franchiser



and Mr. Thunderbolt—are *hulio-shaped* grooves who play off each other like *Two Toddlers* and *Twinedies*. But one's heart belongs to Spacely, portly (despite the fact), the park master of the planet *Truistat*, who captures Julie-8 and falls in love—a big young male King Kong. If only there was more time to enjoy him. With as much plot per square inch as animation—*Shakespeare*, a touch of *Frankenstein*, a *Winston O'Leary*—*Rome-8* and *Julie-8* could easily expand three times its size, and be 30 years the best. Anne Collier





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# Say it again, we missed it the first time

JACOB TWO-TWO MEETS  
THE HOODED FANG  
Directed by Theodore J. Flicker

**B**y now most of us older folk are well aware this is the Year of the Child, but in the midst of all the celebratory hoopla, has anyone thought to warn the kids? The Canadian-produced *Jacob Two-Two Meets the Hooded Fang* starts out as a faithful adaptation of Maurice Ravel's mildly sadistic children's classic of the same title. On first meeting Jacob, the six-year-old who has to say everything twice because no one ever hears him the first time, we're struck by the crisp, offbeat look of the movie, the exterior shots of Jacob's troubled neighborhood are awash with the primary green of a good home movie. But when the picture moves from its framing story of Jacob's real life to the extended dream sequence in which he is tormented by the Hooded Fang (Alan Ruck) on Simon's Island for "making a grown-up, we're suddenly at a bourgeois-basement Wizard of Oz.

Rickler's *Jacob Two-Two* naturally depends a lot on verbal irony, but the movie script doesn't try to imitate some of the verbiage into night camp or slapstick. There are few laughs in *Jacob Two-Two*, no suspense and no tension. The movie doesn't move toward a climax, it takes toward one. It's *My Night at Maude's* for the junior set. Even this talented might miss, but the picture's so poorly made, much of the sound track is unintelligible. The sets are stagey and unimaginatively used, the colors as sludgy as the sound track and unrelated from frame to frame. The child actors, though, particularly Shoshana Rosenberg as Jacob and Rickler's daughter Maude as The Intrepid Shaggy, accept themselves with dignity, stick amidst a green-up cast shamelessly outacting.

*Jacob Two-Two's* American writer-director Ted Flicker won a reputation for eccentricity during the '60s for making *The President's Analyst*. In the '70s he has created television's *Bersy Miller* and now *Jacob Two-Two*. Producer Harry Gelkin (*Go, My Father, Tell Me!*) would have served *Child Power* and Rickler better by hiring Lorne Greene and filming him reading *Jacob Two-Two* over to billions over.

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## Theatre

### A forum for first-class citizens

A drawing of a toothy green dinosaur is hanging in the lobby. "Dear Seymour," a child has written above the reptile in wobbly, bubbly letters. "I liked your play. It was funny. How did you make your dinosaur run?" Seymour the Dinosaur has galloped another fan. Young People's Theatre of Toronto has passed another friend.

The producer, Susan Raben, once knew fame as a Broadway actress and soap-opera star. For the past 13 years she has devoted herself to a much less glamorous business—theatre for children and teenagers. "You can survive a certain amount of hunger and skepticism,"

Raben remarks, "but if you haven't had any kind of nurturing in feeling, in joy, then when you grow up it's too late." Her theatre is the largest in the country dedicated to nurturing the feelings of the young. When she founded Young People's Theatre in 1966, the idea of professional drama for kids was an exotic novelty in Canada. Since then dates of companies from coast to coast have followed Raben's lead. And in place of the gothic rhetoric that surrounds us in the Year of the Child, Young People's Theatre reaches out to the kids themselves.

Only since December, 1977, has it had

a permanent home, a 89-year-old brick building that once stabled 485 horses for the Toronto Transit Commission. Raben had to move heaven, earth and the city fathers in order to make it a theatre, infusion and bureaucracy can mutilate the arts. Luckily, she has a steady will. The building, located in a warehouse district near Lake Ontario, had lain empty for nearly 50 years. Now it's shock-a-block with life. Besides matinee and evening performances of shows as varied as *Curse of the Witches*, *The Shrovetide Worker*, *Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat* and *The Diary of Anne Frank*, the theatre is filled most mornings by 300 children based in from local schools.

The building also houses a small theatre, the Nathan Cohen Studio, which serves as a rehearsal hall and a theatre school for people between 1 and 17. Raben would like to expand this into a full-scale apprentice program for girls and boys interested in making a career of drama. "They have such enthusiasm," she says, "they take chances." She could be describing herself. "They don't know that there are pitfalls."

Summy Raben has no doubts at all. "I want to do a variety of things—singing and dancing, acting—as long as it's show biz. Show biz, period." Here the 15-year-old star of two Young People's Theatre productions, *Joseph and His Coat of Many Colours* and *Two Men from the Hooded Pang* and



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## Television

# How Mummy and Daddy and Freddie and Debbie stopped living and loved the tube

By William Crosselman

**O**nce upon a time in the land of the people, a mother told a school principal the story of her child and television. The father was too busy to visit the school that day.

So we always had a TV. When we got married, Jack brought his old black and white set from London. I didn't go back to work until Freddie was six and Debbie was five. That's all alone for five years with two small kids. After Freddie gave



up his nap—he was about two—I tried to get him interested in *Sesame Street*. I heard it was good for youngsters. I'd find it on and Freddie would look for a while, then go right back to his toys. Remember, I would sit down with him and try to get him caught up on it. "Look at Big Bird and the Cookie Monster." Still he didn't care much. But if he had his little white watchie, then he would stay longer in front of the set. I borrowed a picture book about *Sesame Street* and that got him involved. It took about four months and soon he watched every day. After, *Mister Rogers* used to come on Freddie learned to like that. So I had no fear or so to get supper ready.

I did try to have a quiet time after he goes up stairs. You know, in his room he sits at his desk. But TV was more effective keeping him quiet. But it really helped in toilet training. I'd put the potty in front of the set, and if he went potty he got to watch cartoons—and if he made mistakes too often, I would warn that he couldn't watch the set. We tried for a while. But she seemed to like TV from the start.

When he finally began afternoon kindergarten that was a big load off. But I did notice Freddie wouldn't always go after school and ride his bike with playmates down the block. Even if it was a sunny day. He would come home and turn on *Batman* or *Super Stupid Flunkies*, any show where characters cabber each other. By that time *Mister Rogers* was too tame. When he was five, both kids got hooked on a sitting in the morning before school. First they would

wake up and stare at Captain Kangaroo, get dressed watching *Blue Rangs*, gibberish breakfast during *Freddie*, see half of *Godzilla*, then off to school.

When Jack and I encouraged Freddie to join Cub Scouts, I was really upset. He went to about three meetings then quit. Would not go back, screaming fits, the whole production number. I didn't realize it at the time but, well, we let him quit and he didn't like Cub Scouts. It wasn't he missed *Superman* and *The Partridge Family*. Routine was always jelling and crying 'cause they would

television, you know. "Try see when the Bulls crowned that guy?" Soccer was I miss the fun my family had when I was growing up. We used to do things together. Freddie and Debbie never liked going on an outing. After about three times even the bus bared them. Animals were better on *Wild Kratt*, they said. Just no great talents. I guess.

Of course, we don't have as many fights now. I feel that by having a second TV Jack has the color one in the living room and the kids have their own in the basement with the record player. Mind you, now they eat supper down there. But at least Jack gets to watch the news.

What I really came to talk about is their putting Debbie into a commercial course next year when she starts Grade 9. They say she can't do advanced work because her English is so bad. We hoped Debbie would get to college. And Freddie's already in a remedial reading class in Grade 10. Is all that supposed to be his fault? I tried to get them to read when they were young.

They both did their homework with the door open so they didn't miss anything on TV. I didn't know when it happened to us, but there came a point—back in public school, I guess—when they would rather have watched TV than do anything else. Anything.

The school psychologist took off her glasses and looked at the mother. When the psychologist and her husband had decided on TV in their house, friends shunned them as snobs. They said: "You were just sitting in school when they told the act. Withdrawal symptoms cannot have a touch of screaming, a month of pouring that gradually her family had free time—meals lasted longer, the family talked, read and played more. Though it was too late for the mother, the psychologist wrote her a book, a *Frederick* paperback called *The Play-In Drug* by Marie Anne Sobotta Television, Children and the Family.

Now I look back on it, we never seemed to talk very much as a family. Kids never told us much about school. What little chat there was concerned



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# A mag, a book—the real Magook

Two months ago the name *Magook* seemed doomed—like Cockpit and *Revista Quik*—to a long and lonely life in the shelves of trivia whizzes. This little children's magazine burst onto bookstands 1½ years ago, boasting a full-color children's book in each number. Then it disappeared abruptly in the wake of rave reviews after merely four issues. Now, like some paper *Lazarus*, *Magook* is back on the stands, resurrected in a faster and flashier format, this time determined to win the hearts of the under-12s.

*Magook* is a hybrid creature—part magazine, part book—with dominant genes from the latter, and it's the best local Canadian "kids' lit" has had since Dennis Lee produced *Garbage Delight*.

Editor Day (right) and Associate Editor Krouby (left) holding kids' magazine.



The brainchild of Toronto editor Marilyn Day, it was conceived and developed as a means of mass-marketing a line of Canadian children's books for McClelland and Stewart, that could compete with the Gollith of the American children's book industry. By printing extra copies of the magazine's monthly book feature, Day is able to produce a hard-cover edition for the price of binding, defraying the production expenses that cripple Canadian books on a competitive market. The result is a thinking kid's magazine, a New Yorker with training wheels, with the entire book industry blessing its every move. "Magook is trying to create an interest in children's books in Canada and I think there is nothing but applause for them," says Phyllis Taffe, director of the Canadian Children's Book Centre.

The growing pains *Magook* suffered

came largely from its failure to live up to its own definition. Fanned to fill two roles, it succeeded only as a book. The magazine section—a 14-page afterthought tacked awkwardly to the end of a good paperback—confused the buyer. "People who knew about books responded immediately to the quality of the material and to the fact it was Canadian," says Day. "But we were missing at the mass market." Bowed by good intentions, *Magook* failed to be fun.

Determined to raise *Magook's* fan quotient, Day and her associate editor, Madeline Krouby, stopped production and spent a full year on the streets, in the schools and back at the drawing board. By February their new *Magook* was on the stands, a jany, up-tempo incarnation of its former self. With twice the space, the magazine section has come into its own, offering the reader into the book at the front and continuing to entertain at the back. Children now write and interview for *Magook*, and a zany, bilingual cartoon, *Doog Doog Smith* sets the mood for a faster-paced and brighter format. Finally, the biographical sketches of the author and illustrator of each book feature that thrilled librarians and bored kids have been pared to please the audience—kids.

Knocking slowly into the market, Day is looking for print runs to 40,000 copies, hoping to reach 60,000 by May. The future looks rosy. Vancouver author Ann Blader's *The Cottage at Crescent Beach*, published in the first *Magook*, is about to go into its second printing and Day has scheduled Marvin Engel's upcoming *Rainbow and Dennis Lee's The Ordinary Book* for two fall issues. As a tribute to the Year of the Child, the May *Magook* will be written almost entirely by children, featuring an interview with Karen Kan and Shakespeare and the *Playng Bird*, a book by 17-year-old Mark Chit.

Still, there are those who view *Magook's* revival with skepticism. Early enthusiasts feel jaded by its better-late-than-never post. "Initially there was a lot of interest in *Magook*, and then people got frustrated when they couldn't find it. I can't think of it as a magazine because it hasn't been periodical enough," says Celia Lattimore of The Children's Book Store in Toronto. Day recognizes that reputations can take a while. "We're just going to have to give people time to realize we're back."

It may not be a long wait. Already bookstores across the country are reporting an overwhelming response to *Magook's* return. And no one seems happier to see it back than the guru of kids' lit, Dennis Lee. "I think *Magook* is silly," With that preposterousness, success seems merely a matter of course.

Ann Johnson

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# 'Politicus Interruptus,' starring a steaming Dief, Fabien Roy—and, of course, Himself

By Alan Fotheringham

**S**lack of the election before the first work of the bladder is over? Well, you could kill someone your car doors until May 22? Just the thing Election '79 may be the first site in history where the proprietors of our anti-party democracy have—through indecision, dawdling, delaying and herring—served the electorate before they have begun. It is the signs of this enigmatic Politicus Interruptus.

Why May 22? Despite the promise of Himself that he didn't want to burden the voters with a campaign in the dead? Despite the head-on confrontation with the Book? The Liberals panicked at the threat of yet another Garner Ted Armstrong coming from the dead? Well, well, well, one belt of rural Quebec. The time the threat was Fabien Roy, an orator of the flared nostrils and purple-pose style that has been missing from the ranks of the Creditistes since René Casseville. The Creditistes are a shimmering ramp of size in the House of Commons, capable of being ignited only by the spark of someone. Since the death of Casseville, the seat and the crown that killed André Parizeau, through the intense experience of trying as René Casseville-scholar from Winnipeg, Dr. Louis Bessone, as the newest apostle, the ramp has been endless, bereft, brooding in its lonely corner. Suddenly there was Roy—the last good looks of a young Franchot Tane, saw an independent member of the Quebec national assembly, a disaffected Creditiste who refused to attend the convention that chose Bessone because of the indifference of Winnipeg, where they have seen a single Beal Creditiste since the last befalls. Instead of the Grit craniums figuring on the collapse of those new Garner Ted Armstrong seats, there was the threat of Roy taking them in 12 and 15 and whatever. Those secrets in the National Front Club, where, where, where, where, white and dark puffs of wisdom in imitation of Vatican City, nervously adjusted their valises of Lord Byron, also

Ed Schreyer, having in issue a papal bull on the problem of the NDP holding the balance of power and keeping the travel government in office. What if Fabien Roy, instead, held the nation's fate in his grasp? That's why May 22.

The Secretariat of Sport, Louis Casseville, the best-looking resident of Parliament since John Turner hung up his eyelashes, is in trouble. Here certain in the NDP that it can regain its traditional fish-and-cherry retreat of Bessone, sang up against Alaska? Well, Frank Howard, the longtime MP she deflected



Suddenly, Fabien Roy: the last good looks of a young Franchot Tane.

in 1974, has moved from his retreat in Lacrosse, Quebec, back to Prince Rupert to assist in the campaign for the shiny new new candidate, Jan Pulten. Among the esthetic disasters that would occur if his Casseville were to perish at the polls would be the death of Charles Lynch, the Bessone Madman of the press gallery, who would strike himself on his nearest Bessone.

There is the taking-one-bomb of Dief. As there was in 1968, 1972, 1974, with the infinitely patient Stanfield. Dief is unhappy in his personal domain from the Joe Clark camp that—in deference to his age and infirmity—he will not be asked to campaign. In fact, estranged stirred by some of his exotic notions that in certain borderless Ontario ridings his lofty presence could tip the balance. The Clark people, quite aware of the walking hand grenade that—



Stronger. Good luck, Joe.

Can one assume that the Tradescantia knew what they were doing in calling an election campaign that would coincide directly with the April-May cross-country book-promotion tour by Margaret? Her publishers at this end, Random House, had by early March booked her into specific MP shows in specific cities. Can one assume that the one-party democracy knew that they were safe to send their man across the land, secure in the knowledge that Margaret would cancel her plans—as she has done? Yes, one can assume.

Most devastating loss are the throwaway ones. Most damaging thing yet done to Clark was the wrinkle to a Richard Gwyn profile of Joe in The Toronto Star. "—there's something more than a little disconcerting about a man who loves to talk about writing—but doesn't read."

The cynicism of a party that has been in power so long it blithely regards the country's parliamentary system as its own personal preserve was demonstrated of course by harnessed Billie five Senate members in Quebec after it had called the election (Mr. Trudeau's riding chairman, a few party hacks, Tory Bob Muir in Cape Breton because the Liberals think they can win his seat). The real reason is that lifting up the Quebec senators in the Senate destroys the Clark argument that if elected without sufficient Quebec Tories he will flesh his cabinet with prominent Quebecers placed in his Senate. There is a method even in their cynicism.

Surely the Tradescantia whose judgment is in most peril in principal secretary Jan Cairns, the tiny, perfect manipulator whose genius devised the plot to lure Jack Horner from the Tories. Bessone's Horner has already destroyed the Toronto seat of Culture Club John Roberts and, perhaps several—



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